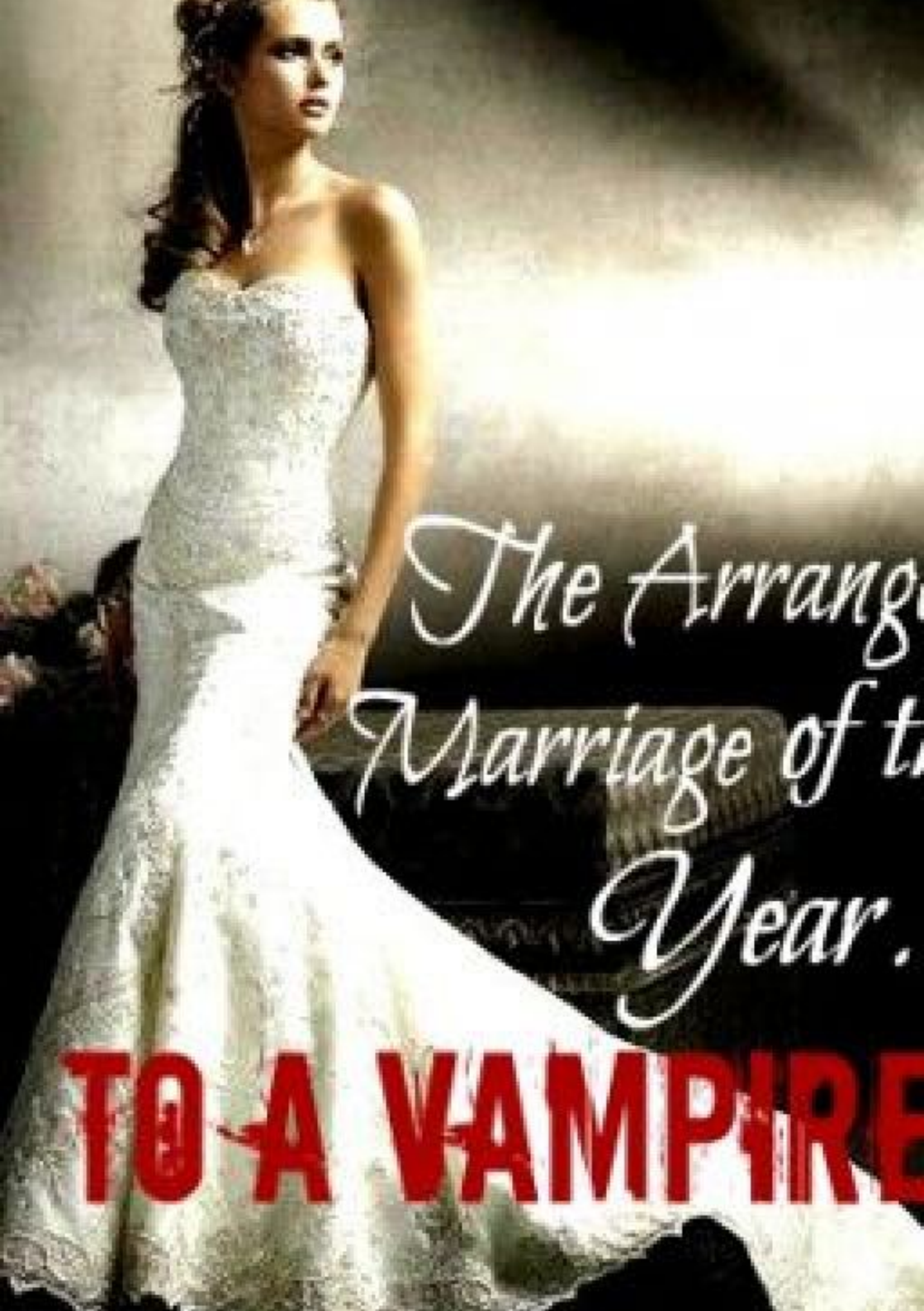
The Arrange
Marriage of t
Year.
TO A VAMPIRE

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The Arrranged Marriage of the year... To A Vampire

By tiffybaby

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Chapter 1

The Arranged Marriage of the year... To A Vampire

Dedication to GreciaOzuna for the beautiful cover :)

Chapter 1

I watched the waves from a distance. They swelled in and swooshed back out carrying out a beautiful sound. I stared at them, wishing to be anywhere but here. My life seemed to be turned up-side down just after graduation. I yearned for boyfriend trouble. Heck I yearned to be able to have a boyfriend. My parents...

"So you mean you have to marry a hot twenty-five year old in a year?" Madeline, my best friend, asked sarcastically, interrupting my thoughts. Madeline

was a beautiful person, inside and out. She had a small, cute nose with freckles sprinkled across it. Her blonde hair that went just past her chest was in two even braids. Her short bangs would brush into her pretty deep blue eyes and she would swipe them back impatiently. When she stood she only went to my shoulders. She glanced at me waiting for my answer.

I glanced at her then at the cloudless blue sky. We were walking from my condo to the very near by beach with towels and beach supplies in tow. We also had on bikinis that cost way too much for the little fabric put into actually making the things.

I shrugged my carry bag that was on my shoulder, a designer of course. "Yes," I said curtly. "I have an arranged marriage." I sighed sadly and glanced at her.

She pulled up her bag as she put her hand over her mouth and giggled. "I do not believe you," she told me, but with a quick look at my serious face her giggling stopped and she became serious. "Your parents aren't that mean ... are they?" she looked

away but looked at me from the corner of her eye skeptically.

"I guess they are now," I answered after sighing. We were coming close to where most people began to have thrown their towels down. It reminded me of a very spread out quilt. We found a bare spot and began to set up silently.

You are probably wondering a little about me, aren't you? Well, to start off my name is Arianee. I am over eighteen already, but only just barely. I had just graduated from high school, I mean that very night, when my parents oh so happily told I get to get married in a year.... Just what every eighteen year old girl wishes for...

"Arianee, dear we have a great graduation present for you," my mother sang. My mother wasn't one for singing so I glared at her suspiciously.

"Where is it, mother?" I asked politely. I glanced around her summer house living room that was lavishly furnished.

"Oh, it's not here yet, but I can tell you, it's handsome." She raised her eyebrows.

I looked at her for a second thinking. "Is it a car?" I yelled excited, jumping up and down. "Oh, my Gosh, is it a horse?!"

She had waved a dismissive hand and had said, "Oh, no. It's tall and, well not to be rude, but a little pale, and very rich. He'll be a great husband," she smiled.

"HUSBAND?!" I shrieked "Mother, I'm only eighteen!" I yelled at her, worriedly. What had she gotten me into this time? I fumed.

"You two will work perfectly together..." she had smiled brightly and told me about him.

"I hate you!" I yelled. "You ruined my life!" I stalked to my room and slammed the door.

We had stayed up the majority of that night; I was peeved and after I cooled down and went back in. Finally I made my way to bed about five in the morning.

The only things I had gotten from her were: he's rich, he's hot, and his name is Rain Maggarrareed.

"Well, can't you say no?" Madeline asked suddenly. I had forgotten that we had been discussing this. I wish we weren't. I wish my life was normal. She looked as if she had pondered this for a while.

I could, of course, say no, but I wouldn't because, honestly, my parents practically paid for everything I now owned, they also paid for my electrical bill, for my food and water...

Not paying for my own things suddenly made me feel useless.

Madeline and I were settled in the sun when I answered, "I'd have to have a pretty good job first." I sighed as my toes dug their way into the sand. The sand pushed up above my toes as they dug their way in deeper.

"So get a job?" Madeline said 'smartly.'

"I'll get right on that," I said sarcastically, as I watched my toes tunnel through the sandy ground. I sighed.

"...well, maybe he will be really nice and sweet... Oh my Gosh! What if he's like really, really hot and what if he's as perfect as Edward Cullen?!" My friend fake swooned. "I will be over every day," she smiled, as she looked up at the sun dreamily.

"Yeah," I said. Usually I would have laughed at my best friend, but today I was stressed out to the tee.

She falsely glared at me. "If you don't start laughing this second little girl, I'm going to beat you black and blue," she warned playfully, getting up on her knees threateningly.

"Ha ha," I said back to her. I wretched my toes, now covered with sand, from the ground, looking up at her.

"Okay, you asked for it," she told me, and in the middle of the most popular beach she jumped on me screaming, "Don't leave me, Sandra! I love you! What about our children?" She yelled convincingly, even throwing in a few heart wrentching sobs.

After I got done blushing and forgot about the people staring, I broke into laughter, swearing I would get her back.

We laughed for a while.

"So," I said, wanting a brake from my stresses,from the fact that I was getting married to a stranger.

"What's going on at your house?" We talked for a few hours before she got a call from her boyfriend. When she got off I looked over toward her.

"How are you and Matt?"

"Oh, great," she answered happily. "Actually, he's supposed to meet us here." She began to glance around, searching for her boyfriend.

I hated Matt, and hanging out with them was even worse than death. Okay, hanging out with Matt was worse than death. He wasa man whore, for better lack of words.

"Oh," I said. "I honestly, was going to leave," I said. Honestly, I was, I was just waiting for a good excuse that wouldn't hurt Madeline. I actually hadn't

wanted to come in the first place, but Madeline is very convincing, and bossy.

"You don't have to leave, Ar," Madeline said, sadly.

"No, I've got stuff to do. I'll see you tomorrow, okay?" then I thought for a second, sitting there. "Call me later, okay?" I did not trust her boyfriend at all. He was known to be a womanizer and we both knew that.

She rolled her eyes and nodded absentmindedly.

I groaned at her and pulled myself up, grudgingly, with my bag hanging from my shoulder, daintily. I reached down and whipped my towel over my shoulder. I heard it hit something. Horrified, I turned to face two gentle blue eyes and a tan face.

I dropped my eyes to his feet, blushing a deep red, I murmured, "sorry."

I turned away from him and Madeline, hoped he wasn't a murder, and half ran to my condo.

Usually, besides being hugely embarrassed by the mystery man, I love the beach and did not know why I was impatient with it today.

Maybe it had to do with the fact that I would have a husband by this time next year... and who knows what else.

I sighed and unlocked my glass door slowly. I hung my towel and bag in the closet when I entered. I entered the neatly high appliance kitchen and placed my keys on the bar. I went toward the fridge.

I heard mumbling from my living room. I stopped and glanced around the wall to see my parents along with another older couple sitting on my white couch patiently waiting for my return.

Chapter 2

The Arranged Marriage of the year... To A Vampire (part 2)

RE CAP:I heard mumbling from my living room. I stopped and glanced around the wall to see my parents along with another older couple sitting on my white couch patiently waiting for my return

I blushed furiously as I walked in, feeling embarrassed in my small swim suit. "Mother?" I asked and beckoned her to me while I rushed to my room. I hoped the guests, whoever they were, didn't think bad of me seeing me this way.

My mother graciously excused herself and daintily followed me into my room. I shut the door behind

her. "Who are they?" I began. "Why are you here? Couldn't you have called? Mother, I don't even-"

She coughed and glanced down at my suit in disgust. "Well," she said and stalked off to my closet.

I sighed. So I guess now would be a great time to tell you, but you may have already guessed, my parents are millionaires, they believe they know what is best for me, but I highly doubt that. Well, my mother thinks she knows what's best for me.

My mother dresses in suits and has deep red wavy hair, she has a serious face that rarely smiles, and she has pretty blue eyes. She has never told me she loved me and I have never told her in return. I'm not too sure why she had me. Maybe it was because of my dad, maybe she use to be different.

My father is much the opposite. Although, now he is balding, he once had Viking blonde hair. His eyes are gray. A smile is almost always plastered onto his face. He was the one I went to when I had a problem, and we rarely told my mother about it. He always told me he loved me, and he knows that I am more than happy to be his daughter.

My parents had also had an arranged marriage. That may explain the reason that they honestly barely get along. I don't know much about why, but arranged marriages seem to be a tradition, one that I will never uphold, but then again it's not like I'm having children. Not with anyone my parents chose for me.

They told me that I would be married to Rain for there was family trouble. That's all they told me so I assumed that they meant like a feud or something. I honestly did not know. Maybe his family needed him to marry to stay in the country.

"Here, dear," my mother cried, emerged out of my closet with a white plastic wrapped hanger hanging delicately from her fingers. "We'll discuss all that when you get... dressed," she told me. She looked once more at my bikini in disgust and stalked out. She closed the door behind her.

I moaned. I lifted the white wrapping to find a cocktail dress. It was blue-silver, with rumples all up and down it. It had a V-shaped neckline and tied under my hair. It was pretty but more than likely a pain. I would have to keep making sure my

underwear wouldn't show or that it wasn't rumpled in the wrong places. Pretty annoying if you ask me.

Unhappily, I obliged to her request and shifted the silky, tight-fitting material over my head after I had changed out of my bathing suit.

I brushed my hair and pulled it into a messy up do. I left pieces of brown hair out to frame my face. I sprayed a few squirts of perfume on myself then I hurriedly put on eyeliner under my gray-blue eyes and ran out of the room.

"Hello," I said in my most respectable voice. I saw a set of people that I didn't know. The woman seemed tall, and she was more than likely beautiful when she was younger. The man was balding and seemed to be also handsome at once in his life.

"Hello," four murmurs answered my ears at once.

I smiled my best fake smile and said, "I'm sorry, I hadn't expected company. I'm troubled about the mess." I told them politely waving my hand about the spotless room.

Are you possibly wondering why I accused myself of being messy then? Yes, you probably are.

Well, my mother told me when I was a great deal younger that it was polite to assume that my company had more money or better things than I did, so I did by telling them that my house was a complete mess. Though if you ask me, they may think it was better than their home, and be a little offended by what I say.

"Quite alright dear," the woman spoke in an almost nasally voice. She sounded wiser than her years as we spoke. Her lips were dark red. "We will deal," the woman spoke politely. She smiled sweetly at me. I noticed one of her eyes were blue and the other green.

I smiled back. "Are you thirsty?" I chirped.

"I am tolerable, thank you," the woman said again.

"And you, sir?" I asked turning toward the man whom I didn't know. He seemed to not talk.

He smiled. His eyes shined, like he was sharing a joke with himself. "Do you happen to have-?" he began.

The woman who I presumed to be his wife tried unsuccessfully to unnoticeably elbow him gently.

"Nothing, thank you, dear," he said as his eyes dimmed.

I smiled and sat at the edge of the love seat. "How nice of you to pay me a visit," I told them, still smiling politely. "But I do not recall you, I'm deeply sorry that I do not, but I hope you can over look this misfortune and not judge me to harshly." I told them both bluntly.

"Arianee Marie!" my mother scolded me. She sounded irratated.

I glanced at her and my father. My father was hiding his smile and my mother looked deeply disappointed at me.

"Pardon me, mother," I said curtly. "But it would be impolite for me to not tell them so."

The woman butted in with a quick. "Mary, be quiet. It was your fault, you did not introduce us." She scolded my mother with a scowl. "Sweetheart, I am your future husband's mother."

I stared at her silent for a moment, my mouth hanging open like a fish.

"I'm sorry?" I asked. "I-I," I stuttered. "Do you mean...?" I glanced quickly around, seeing if I had missed someone, but my inspection told me I had not been rude by excluding someone. "Do I get to meet him?"

The woman laughed. "Oh, no sweetheart," she cooed slapping her knee slightly. "We are here to explain to you why you are to marry our little Rain. You see we didn't just throw you two together thinking you'd be a happy couple, although, I know you will."

"Excuse me, ma'am?" I asked quizzically. What was she talking about?

"Oh, no," she said shaking her small head. "Call me Rosa and this is John. You see... you have to understand something, Rain, he drinks blood; he is a vampire." She told me solemnly.

Chapter 3

The Arranged Marriage of the year... To A Vampire (part 3)

RECAP: "Oh, no," she said shaking her small head. "Call me Rosa and this is John. You see... you have to understand something, Rain, he drinks blood; he is a vampire." She told me solemnly.

"Now, don't be alarmed, and don't try to do anything crazy at the wedding, it's the wedding of the year," Rosa informed me.

I laughed hysterically. Of course it was the weddin of the year, I thoght sarcastically, how many people marry a Vampire? "That's..." I began shaking my head at the sick joke. I mean they ruined the rest of my life

already, why put a sick twist to it? I shook my head at them more.

"Arianee, quit that now," my mother scolded. I glanced at her and she had a frown on her face that made her look older.

"Mother!" I said looking pointedly at my guests. "They are crazy, or sick! I can't believe you! How could you try to make me marry into that family?!" I fumed. "This is a sick joke, so stop it now." I crossed my arms over my chest waiting.

"You were right Mary this was a horrible idea, we should have just waited until the honeymoon..." Rosa shook her head sadly at me. Waited until the honeymoon? Why, so I was already stuck with them?

"Vampires are NOT real! This is not some fantasy story! This is real life and I have to live it!" I yelled crazily. "I'm not just a blonde bimbo who you can boss around and play tricks on! I refuse to believe anything you say to me from this point further!" (Author note: No offense to any blondes, I am one.)

My mother stared at me harshly. But how would she ever know what was happening to me? Yes, she had an arranged marriage, but HER in-laws were at least sane. Mine were... probably broken out of the crazy house, given an extra dose of crazy, and pushed on about their way to reek havoc on unsuspecting innocent children, including myself.

I was beyond mad. How dare they come in here and try to play such a joke? "Get out, all of you, now!" I yelled, pointing toward the front door. I couldn't express how angry I was at them all.

They all glanced at where my hand pointed and broke into laughter. All of them, except my father who had pity in his eyes.

"Oh, God kill me now," I mumbled.

"And why would you want such a horrific thing to happen?" came a sexy husky voice.

I glanced over at two beautiful blue eyes.

"You..." I breathed, trying to remember where I had seen his eyes.

"Were at the beach," he finished for me unsuspectingly. He smiled... And I melted.

He certainly did not look human; he REALLY did remind me of Edward Cullen. Not exactly for the way he looked, but because he looked drop-dead sexy (Author not: hahahaha dead). He had dark black hair, deep blue beautiful eyes, and a straight nose. His jaw was completely masculine. His hair was messy as if he had just woken up, thrown on clothes, and jogged down here. It was completely sexy.

I really thought he was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. I raked my eyes over his body, he looked in great shape. He had on a pair of slacks and a button up shirt with a wife better underneath.

He also looked me over as we stood in my living room as if there were a battle about to go on between us.

"Rain!" his mother cried. "I told you to stay away from this house!" she glanced at me with a worried expression. She glanced at me patiently, willing to understand the... danger? Was that what she was thinking?

"We know how hard it is to control the urges you have... both of them," his mother told him. Looking at him skeptically.

"Both?" I asked stupidly, drawing attention to myself. "Both of what?"

He glanced up at me with a grin.

"He's very... sexual and likes to make many girls feel that way, too," his mother told me with a sad expression. She shook her head at him, angered.

"So..." I began. I glared at Rain. "I am going to marry a... womanizing vampire?" I questioned, skeptically. How wrong that all sounded.

"MARRY?!?" he yelled suddenly looking up, away from me.(ah the look on his face is priceless) "Mother!" he yelled looking peeved, stuttering over that word. "I thought I told you, I do not want to be married."

"Must have slipped my mind, now be quiet we are doing them a favor!" She whispered the last part.

"FAVOR?" I yelled. I glared at everyone. There had to be a way to get out of this agreement. "This is in no way a favor to me!"

"It is either: marry him or death," Rain's father said. He had a voice that was impossible to not believe.

Okay, so maybe it was kind of a favor, so what? If they were telling the truth about me dying, which I doubted since they wanted to tell me their son was a Vampire.

I did not agree with it. I wanted to live out my life and then get married. I didn't want a husband to drag around, I liked to flirt, I liked to hang out with guys and not feel guilty about what any boy in my life may think was cheating.

"So why would I die if I don't marry your son?" I asked this question testingly. Practically telling them they were wrong with my question.

She ignored me. "I am highly sure you would rather marriage, than the... inevitable," Rosa said. "Calm, down. Besides it's not as if he will bite you or

anything." His mother looked at him sternly, as if saying that he had better not.

"...much," Rain said smiling wickedly, showing his long canine teeth.

I gulped. "I -I -ah," I stuttered. "What..?" I began to shake, so he really was a vampire... or those fake teeth were very realistic. And suddenly, I believed the first.

I knew I had to look like a wreck. I sat down once again and held myself.

"You will not bite her at all young man. Not unless she asks with words, Rain," his mother warned.

I didn't understand why she would think I would ever ask. I never would. Those teeth would never touch me and if he thinks they will he is sadly mistaken. I started to cry, silently at first, but my sobs grew louder with each shallow breathe of air that hit my lungs.

Rain watched me worriedly as did everyone else. My mother was shaking her head. My father looked at me with the saddest expression.

"I -I -I," I took a big gulp of air, "don't want," another big gulp of air, "to marry... a vampire!" I wailed. I cried for a few minuets while everyone sat around awkwardly waiting for me to calm down.

"Arianee, don't whine," my mother scolded, after I had calmed enough to stop wailing.

I glared at her. "You are not marrying a VAMPIRE mother!" I said angrily I wiped away my tears with angry, shaking fingers.

Suddenly Rain laughed and shook his head.

Oh, no he did not! I jumped from my couch at him, raising my hand and pointing a finger at him. "Don't you dare laugh at me, you ass," I growled. "I'm not your play thing that you can laugh at. I'm scared! If we are suppose to marry, grow some balls and help me!" I yelled at him. I thought I was being brave, but when he took a step closer I backed off.

Both our parents stared at my outburst.

"You have no idea who you are yelling at little girl," he growled into my face, he was close enough that my hair moved when he breathed. "When you are

lying dead in a ditch, you will," his eyes turned dangerous as he reached for me.

I screamed and backed away when his cold hand came in to contact with my skin.

He advanced again. "How am I supposed to help if you won't let me touch you?" he asked wickedly. He smiled.

Chapter 4

The Arranged Marriage of the year... To A Vampire (part 4)

re cap: He advanced again. "How am I supposed to help if you won't let me touch you?" he asked wickedly. He smiled

"Rain," his mother warned with a serious face from her seat.

"Mother," he warned back. He glanced at her and back at me.

"Keep the nice girl alive, we can not have her killed,"

"And why is that mother?" he turning around.

I began to breathe again. I exhaled loudly.

"Because, sweetie," Rosa smiled. "She is the only human you can't have a child with."

...What? I am sure my mouth hung open now. I can't have kids with this idiot... wouldn't that make us NOT get married?

"Then why would we get married? I asked.

I flinched when Rain turned around to face me, for some unexplained reason. He looked at me with curious eyes.

"Well, dear, part... vampires are highly frowned on, that's why you two are going to marry. It will keep you alive, because other vampires know you are not out spreading your vampire gene top other human's children and that you are only staying with someone who you can't have children with. Well, with Rain... he's too sexually advanced for his own good, and since he has a thing for humans and you can't get pregnant, you two are the perfect match." She smiled.

"Why am I the only one who can't have kids with him?!"

"Because, you have the smallest drop of vampire blood in you, from your mother's side, that's why. You are from a long line of vampire humans."

She glanced around. "You see one vampire had a child with a human who had a child with a human, and so on until, Arianee, here was born." Rosa smiled brightly at me.

"She is special," John said suddenly, I jumped. He was looking threateningly at his son. "If you harm her, you will get harmed back," his father said seriously with a deadly hint in his eyes. Isn't my dad the one who is supposed to say that?

"Yes, father," Rain said solemnly. He seemed to have become peaceful. "This could be fun," he told me, smiling.

I glared at him. He was not on my good side. His and my definition of 'fun' must be very different, seeing as I would rather jump off the empire state building, with nothing to protect me from the fall than marry him.

I crossed my arms over my chest and frowned as our parents began to discuss.

His and my parents decided that sometime Rain and I should stay together ALONE and get to know each other.

"We had better be in public, then," I said angrily. I pursed my lips and saw a frown set into his mother's face.

"Yes," he agreed. "Public, sunlight, all that jazz." He was sitting on my couch, as if he lived here, with his feet up on my table, casually. He winked at me.

"Feet off," I scolded and took the newspaper to his feet.

"I am not a dog," he growled, earning a sharp glance from his mother.

I rolled my eyes. "I do not see how I will ever be able to live with you," I told him.

My parents and his swiftly glanced at each other for a moment and began to rise.

"Where do you think your going?" I asked my parents and Rain glanced at his with the same question in his eyes.

"I have an appointment, honey," my mother lied. She smiled. My father nodded, his head hanging slightly, giving off my mother's lie.

"Rain, we have to leave, because well, I'm more than sure your wife would not like to be lunch..." she trailed off, and looked at me.

I shook my head in agreement.

Rain mumbled something like, "I wouldn't mind."

I glared at him and they all moved toward the exit, leaving me alone with a vampire. One I didn't quite trust.

"No need for fear, Arianee," said a distorted voice that came from Rain's body. "I am not actually Rain." And before my eyes the man shifted and became a distorted figure as I stood there horrified.

He became a man with the same blue eyes, but his hair grew and turned blonde, his skin tanned and he let off a low growl.

He straightened and looked at me with love in his eyes.

"You do not remember me, do you, Arianee?" he asked advancing toward me.

I was completely freaking out, I screamed.

"Arianee, shh," he warned and touched my hand.

I let off a growl of my own.

Growl? Since when do I growl?

"Arianee, stop!"

"Who are you?" I cried, trying to keep away from him.

"That's not important," he said backing me into a wall. "Listen, those things lied to you, you are not part vampire. They want you to believe that to keep comfortable with Rain."

I was slowly backing up when my back touched the wall.

"You are a wolf, what they said about you was true.... if you replace the word vampire with wolf. You shift shaft, but only to a wolf."

"What?!" I screeched like a bird. "Who-o are you? How do you know this?" He pushed me into the wall with his body.

"Whoa, quiet down, there!" he reached and put his hand over my mouth.

"Eh hum eh!" I said into his hand.

His eyes glued themselves to the sight of mine.

I struggled pointlessly and in the end, ended up against his chest with one of his arms wrapped all the way around my body.

I pushed against him pointlessly, struggling to free myself.

Chapter 5

The Arranged Marriage of the year... To A Vampire (part 5)

RE CAP:I struggled pointlessly and in the end, ended up against his chest with one of his arms wrapped all the way around my body.

I pushed against him pointlessly, struggling to free myself.

"Arianee, don't," he warned and when I still struggled pointlessly he yelled, "Arianee, stop it now!" He growled at me.

I stopped moving, my eyes widening in fear. I felt little tears form on the corner of my eyes. My heart hammered in my chest.

He sighed frustrated. "Don't cry... listen to me, stay still, and don't talk for one second, okay?"

I barely nodded and he slowly drew his hand from my mouth. He stared at my lips for a few seconds, then glancing at me fully, he looked surprised. "You've grown," he accused.

"Yeah, I do that sometimes," I said jokingly, but my voice cracked. I drew my hands into my sleeves and folded my arms across my chest. Well, I tried. It was a bit hard with his chest pressed against mine.

He nodded, sensing my discomfort. "I won't hurt you, Arianee," he said gravely.

I shuddered. "How do you know me?" I asked quietly.

He smiled. "It's a long story, but I will just say when I saw you at the beach I remembered everything about you, all those small things, like how you hate when people are too close to you, even your friends, except, of course Madeline."

I stared at him with mild surprise.

He smiled then. "I remember everything. The way we kissed, your aroma, the smile that warmed your face..." he smiled, and approached me.

I didn't back away I was... happy. I felt as if he knew me. He DID know me, that was plainly obvious. He even knew Madeline's name

"You don't like when people listen, but you hate when they don't. You are a very contradictive person, Arianee."

He lowered his face so that it was level to mine. His lips brushed mine.

I couldn't hold back any longer, I pressed my lips hard to his. He responded with his own new pressure.

I heard the door fly open, but I was distracted by... this boy... What was his name?

Why was I kissing him?? I didn't know him!

I pulled away. I heard a growl and turned hurriedly. I gasped. There standing possibly fifteen feet away was perfection at its best.

The real Rain stood in my living room, looking ready to kill.

He looked the same as the imposter had... only much better. How, I do not know.

"Get away from her, Angel," Rain warned the boy at my side, still holding my waist. My lips felt swollen from our kiss.

Rain's voice was distorted by his long teeth.

I looked over at the boy. Angel? That seemed appropriate, I thought, gazing into his blue eyes, which held Rain with an arrogant look.

Did I really want him to hang on to me so hard? No, of course not, why would I? It was challenge to actually decide if I did or not. My brow wrinkled.

"I was only telling her the truth, Rain. It's not my fault I'm so attractive and trustworthy." He grinned.

I took in his grin greedily. I loved him... wait, I didn't know him, did I? Why was today so confusing? I wished to go back to sleep.

Rain scoffed. "Sure, let us call it that. Just let her go, Angel." His face held anger like I had never seen before.

He was still grinning. "You know how right I was to do this, Rain," Angel said. "I had every right and more." His smile wavered a little, but at the end he was as happy as he had been before.

Rain just growled.

Angel's lips brushed my forehead as Rain's scowl became more pronounced on his beautiful face.

"I will be on my way," he said and disappeared into thin air.

I almost fell forward, but I caught myself. Angel, I thought.

I glanced at Rain's now smooth face. "Are you well, Arianee?" he watched me worriedly.

"I'm fine," I said pressing my hand to my face, lying. "Was he lying?" I asked in a whisper.

"What did he say?" he asked slightly smiling.

Well, he said a lot, I thought. But the most important question floated in my mind.

"Can I really turn into a ...wolf?" my hand was pressed to my mouth and I wasn't entirely sure he heard.

Chapter 6

The Arranged Marriage of the Year... To A Vampire (part 6)

RE CAP:"Can I really turn into a ...wolf?" my hand was pressed to my mouth and I wasn't entirely sure he heard.

"Yes," he answered. "You can really turn into a wolf." He looked hurt to tell me this, for a reason I wasn't sure I wanted to know.

I nodded shakily. Why wouldn't I believe this, with all that happened today.

"Are you positive you are okay, Arianee?" he asked putting his arm out to me.

I shook my head. "I am not ready for this," I whispered. I had a light headed feeling and hadn't realized I was falling until I felt Rain's hands catch me.

I felt his body through my thin dress. I needed to get out of here, I thought suddenly. Maybe it's all a dream... I hope I wake up soon.

"And I am to marry you?" I heard him mumble into my neck. I felt his throaty laugh. It tickled me.

I was positive that was what he had said, but I was already falling into a forced slumber.

The outer part of my vision was fuzzy as if I was in a dream... I need spectacles was all I thought and went on walking, my long dress flowing behind me.

This dress was heavy, I recalled as I went out to the stables, one of those dresses from the eighteen hundreds. It was white, my best white dress. It had been a while since I had seen the horses.

I saw Angel walk up to the horse beside mine as I brushed my horse. He smiled gently.

I blushed and glanced at my horse. I petted Lana softly.

"You love animals also?" Angel had asked me.

Surprised I looked up. I nodded.

He smiled and came toward me, a brush in his hand. He was next to me, my heart thumped in my chest a hundred miles an hour.

He touched my cheek. "Arianee, remember," he whispered. He then grew teeth and stuck them into my neck as I screamed hoarsely.

I woke up with a jolt; I was lying on my couch, a blanket draped over me which was now laying partially on the floor.

I picked up the blanket and heard light chatting from the kitchen.

"No, she doesn't remember," I heard Rain's voice.

"I will NOT pry into her thoughts, I never will, unless it's an emergency. She deserves as much privacy as I can bear to give her."

Was he on the phone?

He laughed lightly. "Yes, I know that." There was a pause. "Bye."

"Rain," I whispered. I got up slowly, my legs feeling weak. I began to walk slowly toward the kitchen door. "Rain?" I whispered again.

"Arianee, you are awake," I heard as he came into view.

I blushed. "Yes," I told him. "Were you on the phone?" I asked.

He glanced down at the phone in his hand and nodded. "Yes," he answered.

"Who was it?" I asked feeling nosy.

"Just my father," he answered.

I nodded not wanting to get to deep in his business. "What happened earlier? Who was that man you called Angel?"

He looked surprised at me. "Someone you should stay away from, he's not safe. He's a ...person shifter, sort of..."

"And I am an animal shifter?" I asked. "Not a vampire?"

He nodded, hesitantly. "Correct," he said. "But only to a wolf."

"How do I?" I asked curiously. He began walking back toward the front room and I followed him.

He sat on the couch and I was beside him. His eyes brightened and he smiled cockily. "Well, I presume firstly, you take off your clothes, so you don't rip them.

I scowled and remembered that he WAS a womanizing vampire, as his mother had said, even if he had saved me from Angel.

I glared. "What else?" I asked seriously.

"Well," he smiled. "I honestly, could not let you turn into a wolf if you had no clothes on."

I threw a pillow from off of the couch at him, but he caught it.

"I am serious," he grinned. "You do have a bedroom around here, don't you?" he began to glace around as if looking for one, with a grin he winked at me.

I rolled my eyes and got off the couch. "You can leave," I told him. I glanced backward as I walked to the kitchen. "You know where the door is."

I saw his face become serious, "I can not leave you here by yourself."

"And why is that?" I asked through gritted teeth, as I turned around.

"Angel knows where you are now. He won't just stop coming here because you don't want him to, and I'd stay here even if that was so," he told me then he went on. "You saw how he vanished; he can appear like that, too." he had been motioning with his hands and I had barely heard him. Where had his shirt gone?

I was practically drooling over him when his words caught up. "Wait... so you think you're sleeping here?" I asked, pointing my finger down and then crossing my arms. I tapped my foot.

He laughed loudly. "I won't be sleeping," he winked.

"You are disgusting," I said rolling my eyes and walking away from him. I let the conversation go until I could think of something to make him leave.

"You like it," he whispered into my ear.

I yelp. I did not know he had been so close.

"Do not do that!" I hissed. "Go play somewhere else," I mumbled and waved him away.

Yet, he followed me to the kitchen and watched as I fixed myself something to eat.

I felt akward as he watched, but tried to remember that even if I messed up, he wouldn't notice, he did not know how to cook... hopefully.

He had on a thinking face as he watched me.

I was making a hamburger for myself. I added all kinds of spice that made Rain wrinkle his nose.

When I was done I placed it on a bun, squirted ketchup and mustered, and sprinkled bits of onions and pickles on it. I placed the bun on top.

I took a huge kitchen knife out of the drawer and cut it down the center. I picked up half and began to eat, facing away from Rain.

"Nice butt," he commented, making me throw down my burger and turn to yell.

As I turned the big kitchen knife was knocked off the counter by my elbow and, being my stupid self I tried to grab it. My hand cut deep. I saw the horror on his face... and then the hunger.

Chapter 7

The Arranged Marriage of the Year... To A Vampire (part 7)

RE CAP: As I turned the big kitchen knife was knocked off the counter and, being my stupid self I tried to grab it. My hand cut deep. I saw the horror on his face... and then the hunger.

Oh, no was the first thought that came to my head, naturally.

His face became to change. Large teeth grew that seemed more frightening now than they had earlier. His face became distorted, he seemed angry. "Arianee, leave now," he growled, there was an odd lisp sound that came from his mouth. His voice sounded strangled.

My heart beat fastly in my chest. I nodded, my hands were pulled close to my chest as I turned and ran.

I ended up in the down stairs bathroom, which was just through the living room. I ran through the door, slammed it and locked it. "Oh!" I said throwing my hand up to my mouth.

I turned around to find Angel leaning against the sink. He smiled slightly, then his eyes landed on my bloody had that was by my side.

"Arianne-" he started. His face then began to resemble Rain's in the way that he also looked hungry. His face distorted, but he grew no teeth.

"You smell delicious," he accused, he smiled wickedly.

I turned around and unlocked the door hurriedly. I began to open it when a hand pushed the door closed again from over my head.

I yelped as the door knob slipped through my fingers.

He turned me around forcefully and pushed me up against the bathroom door.

"Oof," I breathed as my back hit the door. He was very close to me, so close I felt his breath on my neck.

"Do not move," Angel growled. He had both hands on my arms.

"Rain," I yelled, out of fear. My voice sounded strained and frightened.

Then I felt the slap of Angel's hand over my mouth.

I placed my cut hand, my right hand, on top of his. Blood smeared onto his had as I struggled to get his hand off my mouth. My left hand was busy trying to grab something off of the shelf.

Then I heard Rain on the other side of the door. "Let me in!"

Angel laughed. He pulled my left arm away from the shelf with the hand that didn't hold my mouth.

"Angel," Rain growled in recognition. "You let her out, Angel!" I heard and felt Rain pound on the door. Scared, I began to scream through Angels' hand.

"Ah, Rain... she's' leaning on the door. You should stop that pounding..." Angel sounded hesitant and even a little scared.

Rain stopped. "Angel, you don't want to hurt her, let me in..."

Angel laughed again. "...said the murderous, womanizing vampire."

I heard Rain growl on the other side off the door, it was deadly. "You are the murderer, you immoral-"

"Ah!" Angel warned as Rain began to curse. "We do have a lady present." He shook his head, and then glanced at me, who was wide eyed and breathing hard. "And what would you do with her?" Angel asked suddenly, quietly. "Throw her in a white dress and pretend as if she is yours? Why would I do that when we both know the truth?" he took his hand off of my mouth and took my hand in his.

I was trembling, and tears had come to my eyes. I was too distracted and fearful to understand that Angel would not hurt me. Of course, though, he looked very hunger, and all I knew was he looked

scary and I was afraid. My natural instincts told me that both boys wer dangerous.

"Let her go, Angel. Humans are fragile. Do. Not. Hurt. Her."

"And why would I hurt her?" Angel asked, running his fingers through my hair that had fallen down earlier.

"You're mad that she doesn't remember, but you do. How could she forget?" Rain asked for Angel.

"I never forgot!" Angel said soothing me. "My memories were stored away... a savior until you were reborn."

I looked questioningly at him, but I was too scared to speak. I knew fear was the promonant feature on my face.

"Just let her go, Angel," Rain said tiredly. "You are being irrational ... she's bleeding, let her go, at least to clean her wound."

"Never," Angel growled. "Never to you."

It was quiet for a few moments and then the wall to my shower exploded, sending pieces of tile and dust flying in every direction.

Angel pulled me into his arms easily and circled around me quickly with his body. The tile pieces scratched up Angel's back. He groaned a little but I could tell they did no real damage even from where I sat, huddled into the door. He was breathing heavily on me.

Angel got up, pulling me with him, and turned to see a raged Rain. I saw Angel's grin. I gulped. Angel turned toward me and pulled my face up to his with his hand, gently. He kissed me full on the mouth to entice Rain.

It was a short kiss full of passion. Angel's grip loosened.

When I looked into Rain's I saw surprise and... was that jealousy??

Of course not... why was I even worrying about that, especially now!? Who knows what is going to happen... (hahahaha I do XD)

When Angel turned around to face Rain I heard a soft warning growl come from deep in his chest. My hands were up to my mouth, I didn't want them to fight...

"Calm down," I told them both, my voice shaky.

Rain glanced at me but Angel never took his eyes off of Rain.

"You don't have to fight," I said slowly.

Rain growled in disagreement, and Angel shook his head.

They were going to fight no matter what I said so I might as well do the next best thing, I thought.

When Angel took a step toward Rain I turned hastily and threw the door open and ran through the house as fast as I could to my bed room.

Chapter 8

The Arranged Marriage of the Year... To A Vampire (part 8)

RECAP:When Angel took a step toward Rain I turned hastily and threw the door open and ran through as fast as I could to my bed room.

I ran down the hall to my bedroom where I grabbed my aid kit, some clothes, and my keys and ran out my door, the one that led outside, and right to my car. It was faster than going out the front door and running all the way around. Plus I needed the first aid kit and my keys to get away.

I ran to my black SUV and fumbled with my keys. My hands shook horribly. Finally, I found the key. Why the hell did I have so many keys in the first place? I

don't even have this many doors in my house! I shook the question from my head.

Once I got in I tried to push the key into the ignition while closing the door resulting in the keys all falling, after swearing for a few minuets and crying I ducked my head and fumbled for my keys.

When I finally got them, I pulled my head up in time just to see a body coming for my car... Rain's body...

********** Rain P.O.V. **********

Where was Arianee? Did she get away as I had intended for her to? That girl was a handful when it came to guys, or one guy in particular, Angel.

I had to hand it to the guy; he could make you hate him a mile away, although, Arianee seemed to be infatuated with him, which could turn bad for me.

She had once loved him, and that stung, stung right down to my heart. She would never love me like that. I had to have her saved though... by my arranged marriage to her.

I tried to listen, to see, or hear, where Arianee was exactly but there was too much noise from the fight...

Oh, yes the fight... I had forgotten.

I turned my attention back to the mere boy I was fighting against.

Yes, I was more powerful, but he was more... experienced, I guess we could call THAT experience, although both of us new it was a disgusting habit that happened to turn into a need to survive.

I scowled as I blocked his poor formed punch.

"Stop blocking and punch already!" Angel said through his anger. He hadn't hit me once yet and I knew that annoyed him.

I shook my head.

Arianne's home was demolished, but I could pay for a renovation or she could live with my parents... or me.

I doubted the latter.

I grinned dryly.

"Stop grinning and hit me!" Angel seemed to have found a better tactic suddenly because I felt a blow to my side.

I flew through the wall and to my way outside, where I landed on Arianne's SUV. I got up, ready to kill, but then I smelt the allure of blood and heard Angel's stinging question as I turned my back to him, watching as Arianne's car dyed bright red: "Was Arianne in her car?" We were silent for a moment then sprang into action, forgetting the hatred for now and focused on the one we loved the most.

********** Arianne's P.O.V. **********

I woke in a hospital bed. Wires, hooked all over my body, were uncomfortable. My eye lids fluttered a few times adjusting to the bright light.

"Oh," I heard a male voice cry.

My eyes finally stayed open and I glanced over to find two worried faces: Angel's and Rain's.

Rain's face was clearly masked, but getting to know him I saw the underlying worry. I gave him a quick once over.

Then when I glanced at Angel I noticed the differences. Angel's whole face, whole body was rigid with worry.

The hospital room was an ugly blue color that made my head swim.

"I am fine," I told them both, hoarsely. I coughed, and then gave them my warmest smile that probably looked like crap.

Angel shook his head with a slight, nervous smile. Rain's eyes softened as he took me in.

Suddenly Rain began to speak. "Why were you in your car, Arianee? Why didn't you just leave?" he stepped toward me slowly, not really nearing me, but taking steps, hands in pockets.

"I-I wasn't sitting there, in my car waiting for disasters to come along," I said begrudgingly. "And my name is not Arianee." I crossed my arms across my chest, ignoring the stinging pain all over my body.

It wasn't... that name sounded familiar though. My eyes squinted trying to remember where I had heard that name.

"Oh, no," said Rain horrorstruck. He stopped where he was, face resembling an O. I almost smiled at him, but I didn't realize why he was so sad.

Arianee, Arianee, where had I heard that, who did I know with that name?

Angel's smile triumphed through.

"Are you back truly ...?" Angel asked. His lips moved but no sound came out when he was about to say my name.

I looked at him questioningly. He neared me and Rain blurred out of the picture.

Every time he was about to say my name I lost all my senses.

He took my hand "..." he called my name.

His figure began to blur. My name...

I woke up and looked around. This hospital room wasn't blue; it was a beautiful purple. I could not sit

up thanks to my wounds. Ha, good luck crossing these arms, I thought looking at the scratches up and down my arms. I folded them together and laid them out ahead of me.

The room was dark besides on little night light. Angel and Rain were no where to be seen, which didn't bother me exactly at the moment. My parents were asleep in two ugly purple chairs. They were sitting with their heads away from each other; they had fought over something.

I remembered my dream; it was sure peculiar. My names WAS Arianee, that I knew.

I shook my head... and winced. Thanks to those stupid boys I was now hurting all over my body, especially my head.

I looked around the dark hospital room. There were tons of flowers around me, everything from daisies to lilacs.

I then wondered what the told the doctors and nurses. Had I gotten into a 'car wreck'? Well, they certainly did not tell the truth.

'Yeah I threw her Fiancé into her car because I love her and I didn't want her to marry him. I didn't know she was in there. He's a vampire and she doesn't remember who I am...' did not sound like a good idea.

I played with the tape on my hand that held down my I.V. while I thought.

What if they told them nothing? Was I supposed to remember? Or was I suppose to make it up? What if they asked me what happened? Do I say I don't remember?

I began to worry. Where were those idiots when I actually needed them?

Would they not come to the hospital because of the blood?

What about Angel? He was something, a vampire, a Shift Shafter, I did not know.

I knew:

He smelled my blood and liked it.

He changed into Rain.

He materializes to where ever he wants.

So what was he?

I began to worry so much I ripped the tape off of my hand. "Ow!" I cried.

My mother, who was nearest to me, stirred. "Arianee, are you finally awake?"

I pressed on my bleeding hand. "Yeah, mom, get a nurse, please."

She nodded sleepily and walked toward the door, flipping on the lights in the process waking my father

I blinked rapidly.

"Arianee was this Rain's or Angel's fault?" my father asked tiredly.

I gave him a quick glare and did not answer.

He sighed.

The nurse came in and asked me questions: "How do you feel? Do you need more medicine? Do you hurt?" She was a bigger woman, her skin was dark and flawless though, and looked more to be a plus size model more than a nurse. She wore no make up that I saw.

I answered her questions and asked my own. "Have you seen two boys, around my age? One's my Fiancé, the other's..." I trailed off wondering what to call him.

"Yeah, they came in yesterday. They left about the same time. They said they'd be back today."

The pretty nurse left.

My mother was clearly more than upset when Rain showed up at the hospital.

"So WHY weren't you protecting my daughter, Rain?" she asked hatefully. "Don't think she's good enough for you? So you let her practically die?" she asked bitterly, her English become slang in her distress.

You are probably thinking, see I knew she cared, but listen to what she whispers next.

"Trying to make me waste my money on you," she whispered to herself, all of us hearing anyway,

Rain gave her a hateful glance that shut her up for a while and gave my head relief.

"How do you feel, Arianee?" Rain asked, sitting beside me and brushing the hair out of my eyes that I

can't reach. He gently took my hand waiting for an answer.

"Broken," I joked but couldn't muster up a smile for him. I looked up at him through my lashes.

"You look broken," he mumbled as my parents silently left. He brushed a piece of gauze on my cheek. "How bad do you hurt?"

"None," I answered willingly. "They gave me meds. I am just a little sore." I smiled. "But mostly I feel dizzy."

He laughed slightly and brushed his thumb across my hand.

Chapter 9

The Arranged Marriage of the Year... To A Vampire (part 9)

RECAP:"How bad do you hurt?"

"None," I answered willingly. "They gave me meds. I am just a little sore." I smiled. "But mostly I feel dizzy."

He laughed slightly and brushed his thumb across my hand.

"So," I started. "Did one of you randomly just want to smash my car? Or was there a GOOD reason to throw each other at it?" I glanced at him, frightened he would become angry, but he didn't; He just become sad.

I kissed his check, which was close to my face, and blushed. He smiled slightly.

"No," he said. "Angel and I were fighting and we hit your car..."

"With what, a house?" I smiled. I picked at the thread coming loose from the blanket.

"No, with my body." He said, tiredly, sadly. He felt guilty...

I smiled at him. "You are not that big," I contradicted. My cheek hurt when I smiled at him, but it was worth it to see his eyes sparkle.

He smiled, too, but he didn't seem happy, yet. He frowned, again. "You don't know a lot about Angel and I. We are dangerous and I hate both of our parents for dragging you into this. I hate Angel and myself for being what we are," he shook his head. "I know I was being a complete jerk when I first saw you, but honestly I was thinking 'wow, she is so beautiful.' But I never wanted to call a woman," I blushed as he said the word, "beautiful." He shook his head. "It was always some word they thought was

good, but it just meant I wanted them in bed with me for one night, but you... I don't want you in my bed; I want you in life, as a wife, as a partner for all of your life. You don't have to be what Angel and I are, though, for you to stay with me."

He reached his face down and lightly kissed me, but I pushed into him for more force from him, but that got me nowhere. He didn't make the kiss more passionate, just more sweet.

I felt happy tears slide from my face as we kissed and he stopped as they reached our interlocked lips

"Are you crying?" he asked, shocked and looked up to see my smiled tears. He wiped them away.

"I have never been called beautiful..." I whispered. "Just words that mean guys like your ass," I laughed. I could stay like this for ever. But then my thoughts turned to Angel, he didn't even fit into this scenario, and for some reason I felt bad about that. Why should I, though?

"Is Angel a vampire, too?" I asked suddenly.

"Something like that," Angels' voice said.

I jumped guitly, making me realize the new pains in my body I hadn't known where there to begin with. Rain moved away from me and I pouted at him, until I looked at Angel and my breath caught.

He did look good when he was sad. His face was a worried mess. "How do you feel?" he asked, but before I could answer I saw another figure come into view, Madeline.

"Madeline!" I screeched, loudly, making both the boys and Madeline wince slightly.

"Oh, what did you do this time, Arianee?" she asked a frown forming on her pretty face.

"Her car got hit," Angel answered, truthfully.

"By what?" Madeline asked, looking at my wounds: my gauzed cheek and fore head, broken finger and ribs, my cut leg, and scratches up and down my whole body.

"Another car," Rain answered, unwillingly.

Madeline's face became angry. "So, where is this guy?" her fists balled up into little, harmless weapons. I saw Angel look at her with surprise.

"We don't know," Rain said, guiltily. "But the police have nothing to go on, so they won't ever find him anyway..."

It became quiet.

All the sudden Madeline's face became thoughtful. She leaned in to whisper to me. "Which is the one you are going to marry?"

"Rain," I half whispered back as the boys looked at each other with rivalry faces.

She rolled her eyes at me. "And that one is...?" she looked back and forth from boy to boy. Both were a dream to have.

I pointed to Rain with my head. "That one's Rain," I told her out loud.

Madeline flushed deep red. Her cheeks painted fire up her neck. "Couldn't you have been less

conspicuous about it?" she said under her breath, not letting go of her blush.

"Why?" I asked, annoyed. Here I was bleeding out everywhere and she was worried about being embarrassed.

"You guys won't meet under any happy circumstances, except the wedding, might as well get use to being embarrassed now."

Then a thought came to my mind, those boys better stay away from Madeline. She was not a snack, ever. They would know that and they would know it well, and soon fro that matter.

"Okay..." Madeline looked at me funny. "Sounds like you need a nap. Are you tired?" she brushed more hair back.

Madeline and Rain sat forward, waiting for an answer.

I rolled my eyes. Then playfully said: "If I wanted a nap you'd all have to get off my bed, I didn't know I was supposed to share."

Rain and Madeline glanced at each other and slowly climbed off the bed.

I sighed. "I will go to bed, but first, Angel? Will you go get my parents and tell them Madeline is here? They wanted to talk to you about something..."

Madeline glanced at me then at Angel, an odd look at her face.

I was going to have top lie again. I knew that face and it said 'Wow, he's hot. How does he know Arianee?'

So... how do I know him? Rain's... cousin? Yes, his cousin.

As soon as Angel nodded and left Madeline began to talk.

"Angel... What a cool name, so, like who is he? Is he single?"

God, I hope so, I thought, or his girlfriend will have a fit to figure out he kissed me.

"He's-" Rain began.

"Rain's cousin," I finished. "They are close. Is he single, Rain?" I asked him, giving him a face that said: 'There is no other way to do this, so play along.'

He smiled. "I'm sure he is," he said, "but I am sure he'd prefer you to ask him."

Madeline flushed and turned away.

"Madeline..." I thought. "What about YOUR boyfriend?" I asked slightly worried. Oh, if he tried anything...

She scowled at me. "There is no harm in flirting, Arianee, you know that and besides, if he is better then Matt, maybe we could date," she said dreamily.

"Did Matt... try anything?" I eyed her suspiciously

She blushed, and looked down. "Well, yeah... but I so stopped him," her head flew up. "We are still together, though. And I so called you last night. You didn't pick up, then your parents called and told me you were in an induced coma."

"Hold on! I was in a coma?!"

"Calm down, Arianee; it was induced and they did every possible thing they could do before they put you in one," Rain said.

"How long?" I asked, quietly, calculating.

"Two days, a little under," Rain told me.

"It wasn't too big of a deal; they knew what they were doing," Madeline said.

Angel appeared into the door way. He looked smug. "Your parents had to go somewhere," he coughed as to say that he could say no more.

I nodded, probably something about they had to save the vampire species life or something.

I can't believe they kept this stuff from me. And I was mad that they knew Angel and never told me.

I had put it all together though, they wanted me to marry Rain so that Angel and I never... do something together because he knew something about me I didn't know, and they never wanted me to know.

So I was going to marry Rain. (He's hot and an amazing kisser.) but I was going to figure out what

Angel wanted me to know, but nothing else was going to change. I don't care if I am the power to destroy the world; all I want is to know.

"I have to go to Arianee," Madeline said gently. "I have a new job, at Tiffany's," her smile widened. "It's pretty awesome, but I so need to shop for sophisticated clothes." She kissed my cheek. "Take care," she said.

I nodded. "See you later, Madeline."

She smiled and disappeared around the corner.

"So what happened?" I asked.

Angel grinned. "Your parents are going on a trip to L.A."

Rain tensed.

"So what does that mean?" I asked.

"Well, Rain's parents do live there and they said something about a cancelled wedding..."

Chapter 10

The Arranged Marriage of the Year... To A Vampire (part 10)

RECAP: "Well, Rain's parents do live there and they said something about a cancelled wedding..."

"What? Why would they do that?" I asked glancing at Rain's worried face and back at Angel's smug one. Angel was leaning on the door looking too smug.

"Because they think you are in danger, Arianee," Angel answered. His smiling face was like a torture. The only way to keep that smile there was to be away from Rain.

Rain laughed bitterly.

"Oh, no, they can't," I cried. Angel flinched, not smiling any longer, but still leaning against the door with his arms folded across his chest.

I tried to hop up, but the pains and Rain's hands kept me down.

He looked into my eyes. "You want to marry me?" his eyes searched through my soul and I felt light headed staring into those beautiful blue eyes. My breathing sped, I wanted to kiss him, but now wasn't the time.

I nodded. Of course, though, if I was in the same situation with Angel... I would have said the same thing... and I barely knew either boy.

I was such a pushover romantic.

Stupid love confuses me.

Angel looked as if I had ripped his heart out and used it to get Rain to fall in love with me but, to Rain, he had murderous eyes.

His eyes turned to me and I flinched from the amount of concern and love in them and looked back to Rain. "Follow them," I whispered. Rain bent down

and kissed me gently, which I tried to prolong a little, but stubbornly, Rain vanished with the breeze.

Angel slowly moved toward my bed and sat down by my feet. He sighed and didn't speak, for a moment, but drunk me into his memory, stored me into him...

This was one of the most intense feelings I had in my whole life. I felt attracted; I wanted to kiss his beautiful lips. I wanted...

I shook my head and lost the thought. Rain and I were engaged, it did nothing to go kiss Angel as soon as he left my sight.

An eerie, creepy feeling crept into my skin, not from Angel, but from Rain being gone.

"I should have guessed you would have chose him," Angel said defeated, and with a sad smile. "It's not like you remember." He got up, defeated.

"Remember what?" I asked finally, stopping him.

"That's the question to ask," Angel said, a little more enthusiastic. "I am not the one who has to tell you, Rain would kill me if I did." He sighed.

"But I won't tell him..." I lied.

"All I can tell you is if you want to stay with Rain, you don't want to know." He began to walk away again, and I got that feeling that I shouldn't be alone.

"Is it about Rain?" I asked suspiciously, more to make him stay than curiosity.

"No, not even a little," he glanced back. "It's all about you. It's always about you." He took me in with his eyes again making me lose my breath and make me glad they stopped using the heart meter on me. He turned.

"I-" Angel walked away, almost to the door. "Angel, please will you stay? I promise not to ask anymore... I will go to sleep. And then you can leave." I wiggled down into my blankets the best I could and kept one eye open, watching him as he turned and inspected me.

He thankfully turned around, a smile on his face, and hiked the blankets up closer to my chin and sat on the ugly purple chair my mother had sat in.

I closed my eyes and after a long while felt Angel near me. I was too close to sleep to tell him to stop, that I was tired and didn't want to play games right now.

But all he did was say "sweet dreams," in a whisper and kiss my forehead. "I love you, Arianee." He laughed, kissing my lips. "I love you..."

I fell asleep before I heard him say my name, again, thinking, that he had said Mary Anne.

********** Angel's P.O.V. **********

I left the hospital, which had a smell of blood so intense that I had almost drunken from Arianee, even after I vowed never to do that again, not after what happened last time. I saw Rain's silver car was still sitting in the parking lot. He ran, I guessed; it's much faster than that car. I was walking into the city, passing potential life givers, blood givers, who all shrugged away from my intense gaze.

Rain was on his way to go tell her parents that they would marry no matter what they say. Arianee was eighteen and could make her own decisions.

I growled at the thought of him, making a teenaged girl cringe closer to the wall, nearer to the alley. She'll do.

I noticed she had the same eyes as Arianee, almost, Arianne's were prettier. Her hair was blonde and she was tiny, I was almost ashamed of what I was going to do to her, almost, not quite.

I hated him, I thought, leading the cringing girl farther to the alleys back after a little persuasion. How could HE get Arianee?

Sure I was the worse vampire, I thought as turned the girl around and I dung my teeth into the girl's neck. But I loved Arianee more, or should I say Mary Anne?

Yes, she was Mary Anne. The woman I fell in love with before I became a vampire. The girl Rain had only heard stories about, they girl who stopped the growth of my kind.

Not the Vampire kind, but a kind of vampire, the kind I am, the worst kind.

She did not remember which scared me, even though she was in a different body then, although it looked the same.

I thought of slipping into her dreams, again, but the both times I did it she blocked me out. She didn't like loving me for no reason, though it wasn't NO reason, it was because she WAS Mary Anne, and our love was strong. She was my life, until I...

I shrugged away from that thought and dropped the girl gently. She was still alive. I was getting better. Arianee, if she remembered, would be proud, that I was trying to be better... trying not to kill.

As I walked away my cell phone rang and I pulled it out. "Hello, Rain," I said a slight smile on my mouth he probably couldn't see.

"I am going to make a deal with you," said his voice.

Chapter 11

The Arranged Marriage of the Year... To A Vampire (part 11)

RECAP:As I walked away my cell phone rang and I pulled it out. "Hello, Rain," I said a slight smile on my mouth he probably couldn't see.

"I am going to make a deal with you," said his voice.

********** Arianne's P.O.V. **********

I stayed in the hospital for two weeks, two torturous weeks recovering. By the time I got out I was grateful, having a long time in there.

All the things I had to go through...

The day after I woke, lots of people came to visit me, including news reporters.

"So miss what happened exactly that night?" a balding man asked me, while I lay in the bed, falsely gasping from pain as to make him feel uncomfortable and end in him leaving.

"I don't remember, if I had I would have told the cops," I told him scornfully. "Besides, there's nothing to write, I got in my car, something must have hit it and I went to the hospital, end of story." I stared at him, willing him to leave.

He looked at me suspiciously. "Well, I guess I'll be going then, Miss," he nodded and hurriedly went from the room.

I sighed. Madeline said she would be here at six, which meant seven and it was only two. I decided I really did need to sleep, and worry about Rain who hadn't been here yet...

I laid my head down and fell asleep.

I awoke to someone touching my face. I mumbled a go away and tried, unsuccessfully to turn over, but

still managed to pull my face out of his hands. I sighed tiredly, not opening my eyes.

I felt lips brush mine and my mind thought of Rain, so in a sleepy daze I kissed back, not entirely sure if I was dreaming.

The gentle lips moved down to my neck and I opened my eyes to the perfect blonde hair on Angel.

"Angel!" I growled loudly. Which reminded me that after this hospital thing I so need to learn how to turn into a wolf. I pushed Angel back away from me, blood flowing up my neck and all over my face.

He looked at me smiling and breathing too hard. "You were the one kissing back," he said smiling and leaning in, so that his sweet breath trickled into my face.

I blinked a few times, and then my anger returned. "I thought you were Rain," I said angrily. "Get off!" I pushed him completely off, not caring if I hurt for a moment.

The sad look in his eyes made me sympathetic, though.

"How can you make a decision, Arianee, you don't know everything," he stood by the door.

"Because I just can," I said straightening my bed. "Where is Rain, Angel?"

"Well, thankfully, I haven't seen him all day," Angel smiled.

"I haven't seen him either," I said, worry growing. "He never stays away this long and he always makes sure I eat lunch..." I said.

"Did you?" he asked.

"Yes, mother," I replied bitterly. Angel smiled in response.

I was getting tired of his and Rain's 'get well' frenzy. It was definitely getting on my nerves. "You'd think that you are taking over for Rain," I said equally bitter as before.

As I glanced at him, he just stared back, blankly... as if he were trying to hide something...

"You are, aren't you?" I guessed, sadly.

He nodded and smiled, evilly. "Yet, I haven't seen him all day..."

"But you DO know where he is," I said hatefully. "Angel, where is he, where is Rain?"

"I am here, Arianee," came Rain's voice from the door, he was a little wet which told me it was raining outside, and all I could think was if he looked like this when it rained it should, all the time.

"What are you doing here, Angel?" Rain asked, harshly.

"Where were you?" I interrupted.

"No where, Arianee, don't worry about it," he said coolly.

I pouted, I was now mad at both of them, but not noticing they carried on.

"You said check on her!" Angel exploded. "How am I suppose to if I have to eat?" his face looked angry, but Rain should be the angry. Angel had kissed me.

"You were... eating?" Rain asked.

"Well, yes, I mean I am..." he looked Rain in the eyes, "leaving. I will see you two later." He vanished from the room.

"Uh-" I started. I had wanted to at least say bye and give him the warning of NEVER KISS ME AGIN!

"What's going on here?" I asked.

"Angel was having a problem with blood..."

"What kind of problem?" I pressed. I looked him in his beautiful blue eyes.

"If he wanted you to know, Arianee, I am more than sure he would have told you," Rain said, plainly.

"He does want me to know something, but he said you wouldn't let him tell me. What is it?" I asked, trying once again to catch his eyes.

"I- you don't want to know that, Arianee." Of course, I thought, bitterly.

"No, YOU don't want me to know that," I folded my arms and he finally came to me.

"Arianee... fine I don't. I want to do everything within my power to keep this relationship going, and if you

know it will be so much harder." He breathed. "I love you, and I don't want to lose you to Angel. Angel's not good for you. He's the worst kind of Vampire out there, and that is something I have to explain later, I guess. A hospital is certainly not the place to discuss this." His unspoken words rang in my mind. In public, he meant.

I nodded. "Oh, I forgot, Madeline will be here soon." I looked him over. "Have you eaten?" I asked reluctantly.

He smiled. "Yes, I have." He seemed amused.

Then he began to look into my eyes in a way that made me flush and made my stomach drop. My breathing was heavy and irregular. His eyes were excited and more beautiful than ever. I wanted to kiss him...

It was like he read my mind. Suddenly, but gently his mouth was on mine.

I was amazingly happy, as we kissed over and over. I pulled away and, smiling, brushed my lips across his, making a shiver go down both of our spines.

"Don't play with me, Arianee," he growled playfully as I giggled. He pulled my mouth to his once again...

"Okay then, I will come back later," Madeline's voice was embarrassed and nervous.

"Oh! Madeline! I am so sorry," I said as Rain got off of my bed.

I gave him a little scowl that turned into a smile as he smiled at me.

I giggled. "Truly, Madeline stay," I said as she hovered by the door, jacket in hand, and looking tired.

Rain, with swollen lips said, "I was about to get her dinner anyway. Would you like anything, Madeline?" he pulled his jacket on. "Don't worry, it's not the bad hospital food."

"No, uh, thanks, though I just ate," Madeline said.

He went out the door smiling.

And Madeline began to talk. "You two look happy together," she commented. She looked at me with accusing eyes. I wondered what she was thinking.

I nodded. "How are you and Matt?"

"Last night, Matt said if I don't sleep with him, we are not going out anymore and guess what I said?" She looked at me expectantly.

She asked questions like this to make sure you are paying attention and so she isn't completely taking over the conversation. "No?"

"Well, practically, yeah. He was all like 'oh, baby, I was kidding, I love you. I just want to have sex with you.'" She used a deeper voice for his part that sounded nothing like him at all. I surpressed a smile.

"So I was like 'Matt sex has nothing to do with this relationship until we are like married' and he said, 'Married, holy shit, Madeline!' he broke up with me by my house voice mail." She fake sniffled. "So, how's Angel?" she smiled, cheerily. I frowned, partially jealous.

"Angel... he's uh pretty," yeah, he was defiantly pretty, "...good, I guess. A little troubled," about my marriage, "but he's still getting everything done..." like kissing me.

Madeline flushed and looked down. "He likes you, doesn't he?"

"Well, I mean..." I looked at her sad face, which told me if I lied, she would be way worse when she was now. "Yeah, he does." I sighed. "he kissed me today, while Rain was out..."

"Holy cow! Did you kiss him back?" She was too excited about this.

I flushed. "Yes, he got me while I was sleeping I thought he was Rain... I don't know if I should tell him."

"Wow, me either, but how romantic is that? They could, like fight over you..."

I felt ill, that was what got me here in the first place.

Chapter 12

The Arranged Marriage of the Year... To A Vampire (part 12)

RECAP:I flushed. "Yes, he got me while I was sleeping I thought he was Rain... I don't know if I should tell him."

"Wow, me either, but how romantic is that? They could, like fight over you..."

I felt ill, that was what got me here in the first place.

I was on crutches the day I was released from the hospital. I had decided not to tell Rain that Angel had kissed me. He would just become angry, and I was bad at dealing with that. Besides I didn't think Angel would do it again. And it didn't matter, right?

I waited for Rain to open the door to his car. I would have opened it but it was a mute point, I wouldn't have been able to get out. I was far to beat up and just a little too tired. My leg in a cast, and moving it was a pain in anyone's rear end. I was serious, well, besides Rain's or Angel's, who thought my immobility was hilarious, until I meanly reminded them it was their fault.

Then I felt bad, but why should they get to laugh at me? I was in a too grouchy mood for them both today and was glad when Angel had left.

"I have to leave," he said, a hungry look in his eyes. He looked over to Rain.

Rain nodded his head slightly. "Don't do anything rash, Angel."

Angel merely left, not answering, distracted by the people walking by.

Rain opened my car door, waking me from my thoughts.

"Tired are you?" he asked politely.

I nodded, weakly. I don't think he knows how tired I was. I don't think *I* knew how tired I was.

I let him help me to the stairs, where he picked me up and carried me, wedding style.

"Am I packing on the pounds?" I asked, lightly.

"Nope," he grinned, "light as a feather."

"Well, yeah, to *you* ," I said, laying my head into his neck.

He stiffened, "You are light, Arianee, even with all this plaster on you." Then as I glanced at his face I noticed the puzzlement. "Are you running a fever?"

I laughed. "No, they took my temperature right before I left. They said it was normal."

"Alright," he said.

We reached the door and he placed me down. Oh, did I forget to mention I am staying with Rain for the next however many days? Yeah, this is going to be embarrassing. I am a clumsy human, and he's a perfect, sexy... vampire. I couldn't help but think of

when I had to bathe... maybe I could get him to with me...

I had to think of something else before I started to drool.

"Are we going in," I asked lightly.

He cleared his throat. "Yes," he answered.

He opened the door to a magnificent home. I stepped in and stopped in awe.

I heard him close the door, but did not look back.

He had a brick stone fireplace on the far left wall, a warm colored couch facing it. The floor looked comfy enough to sleep on. Above the fire place, that was not actually ever used, as I could see, was a flat screen television, which was very wide.

His home was decorated with homey rugs and soft, fat pillows. The were trinkets of sorts from around the world, I waddled over to find an art piece from France.

"I got that from the artist, he never made a big hit, but I loved how he mixed the colors. He was a great man, until he died, after making this."

"Oh," I said admiring the old painting. It was right by the television and I had a faint feeling that he looked at the painting more than it.

"It is amazing," I said, looking at him.

He came over to me and shrugged. "Want to see your room?"

I nodded, and he smiled. I'd rather see his room, though, I thought. I wonder what he'd think if he knew what I was thinking.

He led me up a beautiful wood handled stair case that led to the second story.

There were countless rooms, I noticed as we headed back, one door at the end of the hall was propped open, but Rain turned the other way and said, "the other room's are full and I know it is far down here, but it's right next to my room, and ..." he smiled.

"You will love it."

At first I began to wonder what all those other rooms were full of, he did not seem like one to have a literature section in his collection of DVD's I had spotted downstairs, but then again, Rain was full of surprises.

He opened the door and I gasped. This was a wonderful surprise!

"Rain, it's beautiful," I said happily.

It was newly remodeled, I could tell by the fresh smell of paint. I looked to the right and caught sight of a small kitchen set, all silvery steel, with black handles, or buttons; the walls, both of them for it was in the corner, where a brown with a hint of red.

A small wall separated it from my bed area. The tan bed was huge and it gave me the feeling someone hoped I wouldn't be sleeping alone for one reason... or another. I caught Rain's eyes as he grinned sheepishly, and I had another feeling that this was all new to him, he wasn't use to giving women presents.

I smiled and my eyes traveled around the room once again.

The walls on the other side of the tiny wall were a pretty brown that was a tad bit darker than the bed. I looked to the left, tears in my eyes of being happy, to see a huge, yet, a little smaller than the front room's. Then as I looked lower than it I noticed an X-box, Playstation 3, Wii, and as many games as I could think, making me smile. I would own at Halo tonight.

Rain was at my side. "I noticed in your other home," he breathed on my neck and I shivered. "That you had all sorts of these electronics so I had L-someone pick a few up for me."

I turned to see him smile. "Thank you," I said, gratefully.

He kissed me once gently, sensing my mood. "You still have the closet," he said, nodding toward a closed door to the left of the games.

I looked farther and saw an old vanity in perfect condition, it looked familiar, yet I knew I had never seen it. I smiled and crept the closet door open, and gasped aloud.

This closet... was AMAZING!!!! And I wasn't just saying that, seriously, I could live in here. There was a couch and a huge mirrored wall and across from that bag upon bag of clothes and under those shoes, so many shoes. At the back was a dresser, as big as the back wall and I bet they were full of blue jeans. This was over the top. How are you suppose to let someone spend this much money on you?? I stood like a deer in the headlights, trying to fathom up that this was all actually mine. He really did this for me?

"You don't like it?" Rain's voice startled me even though I had known he was there. I jumped and felt his arms circle me.

"I love it- I just- how can...? Where would you even...?" I could form a coherent question. "I don't need this many clothes," I finally protested. I glanced back at him, and his eyes were sparkling. "You don't need to worry, Arianee, this isn't wasting any money, we have enough. You deserve to have these..."

Oh, I understood. This was him saying sorry. I accepted. "Are they my size?" I asked.

"Yes," said a feminine voice, which I recognized at first, but then my mind felt as if I was trying to remember a long forgotten dream. I turned around to see a more than beautiful girl with long wavy brown hair that hit her thighs. He violet eyes shone brightly. She had swan color skin that I immediately envied. She was wearing a black long sleeve shirt, cut V-shaped and a nice pair of faded blue jeans that I would have guessed to be skinny jeans, but I could not tell because of the long knee high black boots that she wore.

"Uh...?" I asked looking at Rain. Why was this very beautiful girl, who I happened to feel an odd connection to, at Rain's house?

I was instantly angered, as I watched Rain.

"Laral, I thought I told you to wait?" Rain growled at the beautiful girl.

I glanced back at her, still angered. She smiled. "Why should I have to wait?" she asked.

"Hello, Arianee," she looked at me, and then back at Rain. "You know she's mad right?" she asked raising her perfect eyebrows.

How would she know that? And why did her hair, though more beautiful than mine, vaguely remind me of mine? Why did I want to ask her if I should know her, but yet ask, "Who are you?" as rudely as I could?

She gave me a quick patient smile.

Chapter 13

The Arranged Marriage of the Year... To A Vampire(part 13)

RECAP:How would she know that? And why did her hair, more beautiful than mine, vaguely remind me of mine? Why did I want to ask her if I should know her, but yet ask, "Who are you?" as rudely as I could?

She gave me a quick patient smile.

"I am your sister, soon enough, I would say, since you and Rain are getting married." She smiled brightly, and to me it looked as if it pained her to do so. Her eyes squinted skeptically.

I relaxed, breathing out a breath I hadn't known I was holding. "You have a sister?" I asked Rain. "Why hadn't I known?" I tapped my broken leg.

"It never came up, of course," Rain smiled brightly, dazzling me, cheating.

"Yes," she feinted hurt. "And he didn't even mention me. I knew I shouldn't have listened to you Rain."

"Look, Laral, she's tired," Rain said after a long yawn hidden behind a hand, from me. He put his arm around my waist. I leaned my head on his shoulder.

Laral looked crossly at her brother. "She's not that tired, Rain." Laral's arms crossed, seeming to be her natural state.

"Oh, really Rain, I am not that tired, as Laral said," I butted in.

Laral gave me a bright smile while Rain frowned profoundly.

I blushed. "I mean-" I stuttered. It was hard to please them both at the same time. Impossible, really.

"It's okay," Laral soothed, coming to hug me. "We know what you mean." Her hair blew into my face as I inhaled threw my nose. Ha-ha, she smelled like a flower.

I know it seems silly, but Laral was a comfort to me. She seemed like someone I could talk to about Angel and Rain. How I honestly was confused by ... well, every single little thing they said about me. She was nice to hug or rest your head upon. I liked Laral, and I honestly knew nothing about her, except that she was Rain's sister. And I wasn't exactly sure about that, maybe, like, adopted sister, possibly, but not a real sister. She looked more like she would be related to me than him.

Although, I was real sure we weren't sisters, but who knew in this life? I laughed at the idea in my mind.

"Would you like to change? I did shop for you! Ooh, I know what you could wear. It's really cute, and easy to change into and everything!" Laral cried, jumping up and down, excitedly.

"Oh, yeah," I said, looking down at the dress my mother brought me.

I am not saying my mother has horrid taste, I just wonder what she was thinking when she brought me this dress.

It was long, and I mean long. It went to my calves. I didn't know they still made dresses like that. It was some green color and had buttons from the waist up. My mother threw a fit when I didn't button the top ones.

And it didn't even show my cleavage! The buttons, seriously, go up to my chin. There was no way in hell I was going to button them up.

I looked up, embarrassed. "Yeah, I didn't have much choice on clothes today."

"I hope you had none. 'Cuz if you let people dress you like that when you had a choice, you'd be a lost cause." She shook her head as if to say 'the clothes people dress in ... ridiculous...'

Form the corner of my eye I saw Rain leave the closet. I was leaning against Laral.

"What color do you want to wear?" she asked, already pawing through the clothes. MY clothes, I thought and shivered.

"I don't mind Laral, I trust your judgment," I said, taking in her perfect outfit enviously.

"Sweetheart," she said seeing the envy. "You don't know what I had to go through to get like this..." her eyes saddened, and I imagined loosing a whole family and everyone and everything you knew.

"I'm sorry," I murmured. "I didn't mean to... be like that. I am sorry."

"Its fine, honey, you don't mind wearing blue silver do you?" she asked pulling out a bag.

"No, it's fine. That's about the color I wore when I met Angel and Rain..."

She nodded, already have heard the story I supposed.

"Do you know Angel?" I asked as she slipped the cotton cashmere dress over my head. I smiled, it was very soft.

"I don't like Angel," she answered, hurriedly. "He's not aloud in this house. Don't ever let him in without Rain or me beside you, do you understand?"

She sounded like a stern mother and she gripped my arms and made me look her in the eyes. Her face was serious, as if this was a matter of life or death.

"I promise, I promise," I said, confused. Wasn't she over reacting a little? Angel wouldn't hurt me, at least I don't think he would.

She smiled, and loosed her grip. "Now shoes!" she cried, and ran to the back of the closet.

I know I shouldn't judge but the first thought that came to my mind was, Bipolar much?

I felt bad immediately afterwards. "Laral, I can't where shoes," I said. "I have a cast on," I murmured.

She pouted, but didn't get any shoes. "Rain, she's dressed!" Laral said.

Rain came in, smiling.

My heart did a funny thing, like, a flip. I smiled back.

"When are we going to tell her?" Laral asked. She hopped up and down excitedly. "I think you should tell her now."

"Tell me what," I asked, "Rain?"

"Laral, shut up. Nothing, Arianee," he told me. He glared at Laral with a look, if she had been alive, might have killed her.

"Fine, don't tell her," Laral growled, turning away, arms folded across her chest in a way that made me attentively ask, "Tell me what, Laral?"

"Oh, I am so glad you asked," she gushed, turning around, her face alight.

"Laral, stop being a trouble maker," Rain growled. His face looked murderous. "It won't help to say this now."

"Laral pouted. "It wouldn't hurt either. Rain's she will figure out," she said seriously

"Oh, my god. If you two don't tell me what you are talking about then I will go crazy! So either tell me, or don't talk about it." I threw my hands up and edged away from them both.

They both glanced at me quizzically, and apologized.

My stomach, to my great embarrassment, answered in response, leading me to the question, "can either of you two cook?"

We figured out that neither of them could, so we ordered take out.

"You two are wonderful cooks," I said popping a rice cake into my mouth.

"Yes, we know," Laral responded. "Now, shut it and eat you food."

I smiled and ate, staying quiet for a while, but I began to come curious. "So were you two born Vampires?"

Rain laughed. "Oh, no and you are lucky we weren't."

I gave him a confused look. "What?"

"They are hungrier that way," Laral explained.

"Oh," I quieted. "So you two are not really related?"

"Well, no," answered Rain.

"But that is how we think of each other," Laral said.

"Well then, how old are you two then?" I asked, waiting for them to say like a thousand or something.

"I am one hundred and twenty six," Laral said, "while Rain is one hundred fifty three, fifty two?"

"Fifty one," Rain corrected with a grin.

"Ew!" I said as appalled as I could. I threw on a disgusted face and edged away from both of them.

They both seemed hurt, so I laughed, "I am kidding you two. I don't mind that you are old."

Their faces relaxed, but Laral played it up. "Thanks a lot..." Laral sniffled, and then smiled.

"Laral," Rain warned.

I went on. "How were you two turned then?"

Rain tensed, but Laral told her story.

"It was... nineteen-oh-one, yes," she looked up remembering, a slight sad smile on her face, "those were good times, we-" she looked at me stunned. "My David and I," she started again, gravely, "were in love. He was what you would now call a boyfriend I guess, but we knew we wanted to wed. My ... sister and I," she glanced at me again... "We were coming upon his house, so that he could walk us home, and meet mother and father. Oh, he adored Mary Anne, as a little sister, of course. He was perfect, for me, for my family, for my life. Yet, when we got to his home,

he wasn't there, but the police were. They said he had been murdered...."

Her eyes glazed over. "What really happened was that he was turned into a Vampire, it was horrible," she continued after a moment of silence. "I don't know why he was, but one night, while I was crying, he came to my house. 'Don't become one of us,' he told me. I was young, although, and naïve. Why should I give up my David just because he was a Vampire?

"I told him to come the next night, to say good bye, but what I really did was hide a dagger under my night gown. I told him that I was going to stay with him. He was confused, I could tell, so when I pulled out the dagger, he wasn't prepared to stop me.

"I bravely- stupidly- cut myself, so either he turned me or killed me, not thinking of Mary Anne at the moment, who was a room over, watching. She told me later that he tried to save me, but I had cut too deep and too wide to save the way he wanted so I got what I wanted... he saved me, and because of that, he died..."

"How?" I asked quietly. The intense was killing...

"Well,' she blushed, but still seemed sad, "I was feeding off a human," she looked at me, to see if I was offended, but I wasn't so she continued, "when the hunters... came. He held them off so I could run, I was scared, and I hadn't realized I lost him, until he never came home...." her eyes were so... sad for a loss so great that I couldn't realize how bad she hurt.

"I'm sorry," I began, "you didn't have to answer me," I placed my hand on hers lightly.

She just smiled, sadly, "You should know, we are family. I lived alone for a while after that," she continued her story, "Until I met Rain. I was mean, hatful, and rude to them all, when they helped me, but they warmed my heart and I grew to love."

The ending was the best possible at this point in her life, I thought, nothing else could have came out more right. I wished for her that she would find someone to fall in love with again.

Rain had been rigid threw our conversation, trying not to listen, I suspected.

"Rain won't tell you his," Laral said quietly. "I myself am not positively sure how he became one either..." she trailed off as I watched Rain try to ignore us, seeming as if he wanted to get up and leave.

"You don't have to tell me Rain, not until you are ready, or if you ever are," I said wiggling my way up. I kissed the top of his head as he sat there, rigid as a board, and Laral helped me up the stairs to my room, and before I got to the top of the stairs, I looked back to see Rain sitting there were I left him, a worse pain on his face than Laral's and I knew he would never tell me, because it was his own little world, where bad things happened, that changed the way he thought, ate, looked that he didn't want anyone to invade on, because, like the bad, good things happened also that he would never think of sharing that were a big part of that small story.

Chapter 14

The Arranged Marriage of the Year... To A Vampire (part 14)

RECAP:"You don't have to tell me Rain, not until you are ready, or if you ever are," I said wiggling my way up. I kissed the top of his head as he sat there, rigid as a board, and Laral helped me up the stairs to my room, and before I got to the top of the stairs, I looked back to see Rain sitting there were I left him, a worse pain on his face than Laral's and I knew he would never tell me, because it was his own little world, where bad things happened, that changed the way he thought, ate, looked that he didn't want anyone to invade on, because, like the bad, good things happened also that he would never think of sharing that were a big part of that small story.

As Laral took me to bed, I lay my head on her shoulder, "I wish I could heal you both, and Angel, too. You all seem to have a few problems." I had thought they had the perfect life, beauty, immortality... but it was full of pain, suffering, and even death.

I felt her smile as her arm, that circled my waist, pulled me up better, so I wasn't stumbling as much. "You have problems, too, Arianee," she said. "I mean you are rooming with a few Vampires, and two are fighting over your love, and you have to marry one, and maybe, eventually become one yourself..." she trailed of and I heard strain in her voice.

I began to fall asleep as we entered my room, and she pulled me over to my bed. "Good night sweetheart," she said. "Sweet dreams," she whispered, before turning off my lights.

I woke up and slowly, painfully turned over, eyes closed. I sighed into my pillow, and frowned.

Someone's hands brushed my cheek, which resulted in me screaming, and trying to bolt up, backing away. My hands flew up to ward off anything.

My voice was horse and scratchy as I screamed.

I opened my eyes to see Angel's face, closest in scrutiny, which was full of mild humor and sadness. My hand indistinctively went to my own as if to brush off the worry. Then I saw Rain in my door way, his face also had mild humor on it, but more worry as to wonder what had caused me to scream.

I flushed, not at all happy that they had heard me scream. "Sorry," I mumbled, as I watched Laral brush her way past Rain and into my bedroom, watching Angel intently, in worry and disgust. She scowled at him, and watched as he moved slowly toward me.

"What are you doing here?" I whispered to him alone, aware that they, Laral and Rain, heard every word I said. I felt a need for a more private talk, but they wouldn't approve, especially Laral, who had some feud with him. I looked over at both of them, what were they all doing? Was it really necessary to wake me? Or were they unaware that I was tired?

"Well," Angel said, still amused, "I suppose they are here to make sure I won't do anything rash," he

smiled sadly, "or kidnap you, I suppose," he made a joke out of it.

"Why would you kidnap me?" I whispered. He lanced his fingers through mine and my eyes immediately went to Rain. He tensed, but did nothing to stop him.

His eyes looked grave as I studied them. I always had a weird felling for Angel, he was like my protector, my warrior and sometimes I felt lost without him. I hadn't realized this until last night. I wondered how he had been turned, but this seemed like a bad time to ask.

"I am here to say good-bye, Arianee," he said, looking at me skeptically.

"Why?" I asked, fastly. "Do you want to leave? Are you doing this for your benefit or someone else's?" I glanced over at Rain and Laral, who both adverted their eyes, looking anywhere but at me and Angel.

"Well, yes," he shook his head to clear his thoughts, "I mean," he looked into my eyes; "Arianee, YOU don't want me..." his eyes pleaded me to understand the pain of rejection.

"But-" I started, as tears flew to my eyes. I wanted to tell him he couldn't, I wanted to tell him how much he meant to me, and why he did I didn't know. He meant something and maybe if I could figure out why, he could still be in my life.

I did understand why he wanted to leave, but I felt lost just thinking about him gone. I didn't want him to leave, at all. I was selfish, and I didn't care.

Stupid tears slid down my face and I retched my hand away from Angle's wiping them away.

Laral left to go do something, and Rain came closer.

Rain wiped one away I had missed.

"Angel," Rain said, "will you just come back later? I was wrong to spring this on her..." Rain grabbed me up in his arms, but I wanted different arms, but I turned into him and didn't watch Angel leave... to saddened by the thought of him leaving to watch him walk away.

Who could I not live without: Angel or Rain?

Or would I get myself killed as I tried to decide who I should spend my life with?

Chapter 15

The Arranged Marriage of the Year... To A Vampire (part 15)

RECAP:Who could I not live without: Angel or Rain?

Or would I get myself killed as I tried to decide who I should spend my life with?

********** Angel's P.O.V. **********

Arianee, why was she so miserable, she was getting what she wanted, me out of her life, out of her hair, so she could spend more time with that... Anyway, she must have realized she loves me, now that it has no meaning and now that I am, literally, bound not to love her back.

Rain had said he would keep her safe so long as I leave, he would have any way, but he also said he would teach me, how not to kill, how to feed and not be a murderer.

It was a deal, of course that I couldn't deny. The feeling of killing those people has haunted me, for my long, two hundred year life. And how Mary Ann would love it if I could finally succeed.

I began to think of Arianee. Was she really that heartbroken? Did she really mind that I was going to leave?

Did she finally see that I loved her, that I loved her enough to give everything?

She'd never see. She thinks I am an ass, I told myself, as I found myself weaving my way back toward Rain's too furnished, too elegant home. I had to see how that mind of hers worked; I had to feel her mind around me as I had once felt the safeness of blankets in my human life.

I went to her window, she wouldn't notice I was there, I just hoped Rain, or Laral, especially Laral, I thought grudgingly, wouldn't notice either.

"Are you sure you are okay?" I heard Rain ask Arianee.

"Yes, I am fine," came Arianee's voice that sounded of tears.

I heard a kiss that they shared, it angered me a little, but I soon forgot, because when he left, she began to cry, and she began to sob.

I thought of her as I slipped into her mind.

"Why do I even care so much?" she wondered to herself, as I waited quietly in the corner of her mind. "I don't know him, how could I love him this much?"

And I did feel her love, the same love she had for me over a hundred years ago in a bit of a weaker tenure.

"I have to love Rain," she thought. Trying to focus all of herself on Rain, which I do grudgingly say that she loves us the same...

"What is wrong with me?" she wondered as she heaved another teary sigh.

"I have to let him leave, if he wants that I have to let him, he has to leave..."

I pulled myself out of her mind, and she felt my absence, and hurried from the room, and down stairs forgetting her crutches, and stumbling down the stairs.

I decided to leave before any one could sense me, but as I turned around, I realized that someone already had.

"Angel, what a pleasent surprise..." Laral stared at me with accusing eyes, as I turned to see her.

I was hoping it was Rain, for he may have understood.

She hated me. I had killed everyone she loved, and now she was ready to kill me.

********** Laral's P.O.V. **********

"Why did you come, Angel? Did you want to kill her again? Was the blood that sweet? Did you really need more? You piece of shit! Get the hell out of here, before I rip your throat out and kill you," I said disgusted by his presence, disgusted that he lived.

"Ah, Laral," he said, as if my threat was empty air, "nice to see you too," he said as he began to walk around me and walk away, and if it hadn't been that Arianee loved him, he would have been dead when I seen him hop over to the window.

He turned to face me after a good distance as I watched him walk away. "you can't kill me," he said as if he had read my mind, "and you know I loved Mary Anne more than you had loved anyone."

I fumed as he slowly walked away. I was ready to kill him.

He killed my David.

He killed my Mary Anne.

He killed me... by killing them.

Angel was the one who had turned David, probably the first time he hadn't killed his victim.

Mary Anne, my sister, and I grieved over him, and then he came to me in the night. We had agreed to, meet again, and I sliced my wrist, and made him change me.

"Laral," he called into the darkness of my room, the only light coming from the partial moon above. I spotted him, his blonde hair disheveled, blue eyes sparkling, suit muddy and worn. "Laral, my love, my beautiful flower," he told me as he caressed my cheek, thinking we would never meet again, "you know what I am. You know we can not be together..."

"Shh, my love," I told him, putting my hand up to his lips. He kissed my hand, gently. With my other hand I took the dagger out, he was too concentrated on my face to see. "It will work out."

Knowing his face better than anyone, I saw the confusion before I sliced my wrist, letting a gasp of pain escape my lips before I fell into his arms, letting him change me.

To change me he had to take a lot of my blood and put his venom into me.

Mary Anne figured out what I was, she had seen the night, the night I made my choice. And even if she hadn't been it wouldn't have been hard. I never went out into the light for it felt like the burn of a thousand suns.

Now that I saw older I felt a mild burn that was easy to stand.

I did not eat, as I do not eat human food now.

I did not do anything that involved peopled for fear that they would know, but Mary Anne, she had to be with me, it was only natural, and I found I needed her more than I figured I would.

"Laral, you should have at least waited, or told me, I could have figured something out," she scolded. We were going to David's to get blood for a package, I did not understand how it helped, for I still wanted the taste of human blood in my mouth, but I obliged to whatever David wanted.

"It was the only way- he was going to leave me! Mary Anne you know how I love him," I cried, pulling my cloak around me, for the streetlight burnt fiercely.

When we did reach David's home, Angel was there, telling him to stay straight or Angel would personally kill him. A warning, that then I thought had little meaning as Mary Anne and I walked in.

As I entered, he accused David of creating more Vampires, when Mary Anne entered, his words ceased to come from his mouth, and that was the instant I knew there would be trouble.

He took Mary Anne in with greedy eyes. "What is this human doing here?" he asked trying to sound disgusted, but everyone heard the longing in his voce. I was disgusted.

Mary Anne ignored him affectively, pretending as if it was only the three of us, as it had always been when I was human, when we were human.

"David," she pleaded, as I snarled at Angel, who studied her from head to toe. "We need more, she can't live off that package alone a week... and I can't

keep giving so much-" she started not realizing her mistake.

"I told you not to give her any," David warned. She blushed, and bent her head, ashamed she hadn't listened.

"I am sorry," she mumbled into her hair, but she was..." Mary Anne flinched. "Can we just have one more package a week, that's all she needs? I calculated..." she said trailing off, a pen in her hand, and ink splotches, that David now noticed on her dress.

He sighed. "Yes, of course," he said reaching over and grabbing a package of the red liquid off his desk. "If you heat it, it helps her hunger."

"Aye," she said, smiling, "but what would the maids say when they caught me boiling blood?" she smiled, slyly down at the ground.

I was too warn to speak to David, and we were fighting now, so I had brought Mary Anne to speak to him, but still, I went to him and laid my head against his chest as we hugged good-bye.

We were almost to leave when Angel spoke again.

Mary Anne hadn't looked in the direction of Angel since we had come.

"You are a blood giver?" he asked so suddenly I growled.

She looked at him for the first time, she spoke, distaste in his voice, "not for you." Then she pulled on my arm and walked out.

********** Angel's P.O.V. **********

Laral made the memories come back. If I hadn't seen or thought of her, I wouldn't be tortured by memory, her memory, which pulled me back a hundred years to suffer again.

The first time I saw Mary Anne, she had shunned me, made me feel like less than the dirt beneath her feet. She was completely unresponsive to me, but I was lustful for her.

She was wearing a beautiful petty-coated dress, the silver blue color that I had learned to know she wore

a lot. I wanted to kiss her. I wanted more than that. I wanted her forever; I wanted to make her into a Vampire.

I wanted her with me day and night, especially night, the time when I was more lustful than ever.

But I shouldn't think of that. It is not right. She was human and I couldn't have her.

I asked her if she gave blood, and she caught my meaning, saying, as she looked at me, "not for you."

I swore that night I would get her blood, after I got her virginity, I only got one. And then I got something else I never wanted.

I remembered taking her blood that first time, so sweet, in the barn, when she gave me her unearned trust.

The barn was where we met if she wanted to give me blood, or if we wanted to be alone, more so the latter as she began to tire of blood loss, but I hadn't minded.

We met there often, but the first time was the best.

She had kissed me, holding my hand as I followed her in, and I still planned to take her virginity.

She was breathing hard, too hard, her mouth on mine was warm and sweet and she shivered as I took off her coat, not yet understanding my plan.

"Angel?" she asked as I began to unbutton her dress. "We aren't doing that..." she warned.

I stopped trying to take her clothes off and looked up, ashamed. She buttoned the few I got unbuttoned back up.

But when she reached a certain spot she stopped, "but," she said, "I will give you some blood, since you have been so sweet."

At first I wondered her logic, but I still moved toward her.

She bent her neck, sending her brown hair to one side of her face; her gray eyes watched me as I moved my mouth over her neck.

"I can't," I said, pulling my head up, but I felt her small, breakable hand on the back of my neck, trying to force me to stay down. I laughed at her.

"The roles are reversed here, yes?" she said breathlessly, still trying to force my neck down.

"Of course," I said. "Do you want me to that bad?" I asked, breathing against her neck, as she shivered.

I felt her nod through her shivers.

I tested her with my teeth scraping gently against her neck, but she did not pull away and I finally relaxed and let my teeth sink into her skin, savoring the moment.

Chapter 16

The Arranged Marriage of the Year... To A Vampire (part 16)

RECAP: (POV. Angel.) I tested her with my teeth scraping gently against her neck, but she did not pull away and I finally relaxed and let my teeth sink into her skin, savoring the moment.

Arianee's P.O.V.

Rain helped me to Laral's room to spend the night, she insisted. He carried me wedding style, to her door.

"Are you sure you want to stay in here?" Rain asked, trying to get me to stay in his room, but I wasn't ready to yet, even though I knew if I stayed in there

he wouldn't force himself on me, but I wasn't sure I wouldn't force myself onto him.

I nodded, sure that I almost had no choice. Laral might hunt me down and drag me to her room literally.

I almost choked up laughing when I thought of myself, almost asleep in my bed, or Rain's even, and having Laral run into the room like a mad woman, screaming bloody murder at me for skipping out on her, and kidnapping me. She'd put a bag over my face and lop me over her shoulder and carry me off to her room.

Rain looked at me oddly.

"If only you could read my mind," I said, still chuckling. I had no idea why but the image tickled me funny. I giggled, pressing my hand to my mouth.

He grinned taking my hand away from my mouth and bent down to kiss me as we reached Laral's door way. He put me down.

I pulled myself on to my tip toe. TOE because my leg was still broken. Also, my arm still in a sling,

bandaged up, and I still had a bandage around my forehead.

Our lips connected and it was heaven on earth in the most literal sense, he was an amazing kisser. Not 'cuz he was a Vampire, just 'cuz he's got some serious skills at kissing.

Rain's lips brushed against mine slowly at first, but with growing passion after each second. I was soon trying to push him into a wall, but had not enough strength. He also kept me still and in check. He chuckled as we kissed. His arms snaked around my small waist.

I hadn't thought we were making any noise, but Laral's door flew open and she yelled, "In front of my door?!" with such a disgusted tone that I blushed, backing my lips from Rain's too hurriedly.

Rain smiled, grinned,really, and handed me off to Laral, me still being dazed and slightly dizzy from the kiss.

I had never seen Laral's room and was interest to find that there was a bed. I looked quizzically at it.

"Do you use that?" I asked her, realizing how she would take it when she looked down shyly. "No," she answered, and I blushed.

"That's not what I meant," I mumbled as I looked around her room which was surprisingly lavender, to distract myself.

"I know, but that's the only reason I should have one," she mumbled also awkwardly. I looked around her room, silent awe filling me. "This room is awesome!"

She seriously had more games, books, and remotes to her TV than I had ever seen. She had everything from Sega to PlayStation 3, and she also had every book from the authors Shakespeare to Stephanie Myer. I was in awe, I know, I said that already, but it was too awesome for words.

She laughed. "I know," she said, shrugging her shoulders. "I want to give you a make over. How 'bout it??" she asked excitedly.

I just nodded, and let her pull me onto her surprisingly comfortable bed.

She began with my hair. "M- Arianee, you are so pretty," she said, her voice high, and sad.

"You are prettier," I said enviously.

She laughed at me, "Aren't you suppose to be gracious?"

"Thank you, sister Laral," I said, nun-like, and sarcastically. Laral snorted, while I giggled as her hands weaved into my hair, braiding part and pieces.

"Laral, am I missing something?" I said after a moment. She was almost done with my hair though, and moving to my make-up. "I mean, Rain and Angel ARE hiding something from me, and I wasn't to know ... is it about me? I mean..."

"They think it's about you, but they are not too sure if it is." She was putting on eyeliner, and then mascara.

"Besides that making no sense, thanks," I told her confused, knowing she couldn't tell me.

Laral, who had finished with amazing timing with my make-over, turned me, an evil planning smile on her face, "do you know what I wanted you in here

for?" she asked, so excited that her hands were hurting my upper arms, that she was gripping with her iron hands.

"No?" I answered, flinching from the slight pain.

She jumped up and down on her bed, letting go of my arms and returning the blood flow. I sighed thankfully until she said, "I am going to teach you how to turn into a wolf!!!!" I looked at her, confused, probably from not enough circulation to the brain, and then I got excited.

"Are you serious?" I asked, almost yelling.

"Yes," she said, cocking her head as if I had asked if oranges really do grow, and not just pop out of no where.

"I think it will heal you," she told me, and I wanted to try more.

"Hurry up and tell me," I yelled at her.

She looked skeptical. She punched me in the face, probably softly to her, but it hurt like heck.

"Ow! What the hell, Laral?" I yelled. "Are you a retard? That hurt like hell!" I pushed my hand up to my face, trying not to hurt myself worse.

"Oh," she said, "it's not even broken, I was soft." She inspected my nose further. "I didn't even hit your nose!" She laughed, and then she looked down ashamed. "I guess that way is wrong..." she trailed off, as I watched her in such a frightened childish way as she laughed. She was laughing at me?!

"Sorry, I thought that was the way, but it apparently it's not..." she said, realizing my horrified expression. How could punching me turn me into a wolf?

"Did you read the Twilight books or something?" I asked irritated. "That's not real- I have literally never seen a 'wolf' who can be a human too by punching them in the face."

"Then what do you think will do it?" she asked, kind of snootily, because her plan did not work, but she really was willing to listen.

"Well, maybe I should just be really calm, or something," I said, and then I flushed, "Or maybe not, I don't know."

"Actually..." she said, a smile spreading on her lips. "That's such a good idea, you are so smart!" she patted the bed beside her. "Err and sorry 'bout your face..." she whispered. To be honest it didn't hurt anymore. "So, just relax, try to hear things you can't hear and see things you can't see, and smell things..."

"I get the picture," I cut in, closing my eyes, and breathing through my nose.

Laral giggled softly.

"Shh!" I warned.

She quieted, as I tired to hear the creek that was at the back of their home which I had seen earlier today, I tried to smell Rain's amazing deep dark scent that made chills run down my spine.

It was my will to change, and I willed it.

I felt a shiver go through me, an odd shiver that I knew wasn't normal. My plaster on my cast cracked,

tearing apart. Laral gasped, and I looked down to see my body changing in a way I had never seen, and it frightened me enough to the point that I screamed.

Rain was in the room in seconds, and I was looking up at him. He hadn't been fast enough.

"Ah, hell, Laral!" he yelled. "Change her back!" he was staring a death glance at her. "Change her back now!" he growled. He has angry, and beautiful. I watched in awe as his tense body moved like a snake caching a rat, who thought I'd ever think that was sexy?

"Well," she said, "that's the problem," she cleared her throat, looking down guiltily, "I don't know how..." she breathed, looking more ashamed than I had ever seen anyone look.

What if they couldn't change me back? I let off a howl of agony.

Laral came toward me but I growled her off.

Chapter 17

The Arranged Marriage of the Year... To A Vampire (part 17)

RECAP:Laral came toward me but I growled her off.

How could she even think to change me if she didn't know how to change me back? How could she be so... so... irresponsible about this?? This was my life, not a... a... something! Grr, I am too mad to think straight. My jaw hurt from clamping it so tight. I loosened it.

Then again, I hadn't thought of it either when I was changing myself.

Rain came closer to me, a thoughtful look on his face. Was he disgusted about the way I look? I was a hairy beast, surly it was a turn off. It had to be.

He didn't seem to be disgusted as he rested a hand on my back. His hand was a comfort to me, and I looked up to see his fixed stare.

"We will get you fixed Arianee, I promise." He looked determined, and down right sexy, and I swear if I ever turn human again I will let him know just that.

I nodded my head, glad for the simple understood motion, unlike all my other motions, where they clearly did not understand, except of course, my growl.

Laral looked down ashamed. "She surly... we can find a way! We can ask around. There has to be someone we know that has had experience with wolves, and such. I mean..."

"I know what you mean, Laral." Rain looked down at me, "but whom?" he asked, looking into my eyes as if the answer laid there, deep with in my soul. Of course it didn't, but that's surly what it felt like, and boy did it feel good. Rain was amazing at making me feel real.

I heard him breath intake.

"Let me think... there are our parents, her parents, your exes, or there's..." she trailed off and looked at Rain. "Who is someone who changes? Who is someone who knows the art so well that they trick people?"

Laral stopped pacing and Rain and her eyes met.

"Angel," they both said at the same time, and bolted from my room. If I had been human, I wouldn't have seen it so clearly. I didn't follow them as they more than likely expected, but I went to a mirror to see myself. Curiosity aroused.

At first I was horrified. I mean I was a fur ball, but as I looked deeper, I thought I looked like a good wolf. My gray eyes were rounder and fuller, and my fur was brown like my hair. I looked regal and confident.

I had never felt this way in my life, but it felt nice, and as soon as I learned the trick of changing, I would be doing it much more often.

I could smell everything and had noticed the slight pleasant smell that lingered in the room after both Rain and Laral had gone. It was a musky sweet smell

for him, but a light flowery smell for her. They both were pleasant, but both held there own. I gazed at myself wondering...

The moon moved from behind the obscuring clouds illuminating me, shining straight down, flowing almost, to reach me. Like mother's fingertip's caressing a little child the midnight light hit me. My animal eyes shined from it, making me look like a true creature of the night, almost evil, but still pleasant to be seen. I smiled at my reflection, enhancing the effect.

Angel, the ass, came not too long later. Laral and Rain were not with him, but I suspected they were close by.

"We know you are beautiful, Arianee," he told me. "You don't have to stand in front of the mirror for it to take effect." He grinned at me, showing perfect canine teeth. He had just ate, I noticed as I took in the blood smell that came from him. Behind that smell was an almost dark smell, almost evil yet pleasant, and I found myself sniffing.

He grinned. "I know, I know, I should put on deodorant." He winked, and if I had been human I would have blushed.

"So I am guessing you would like to be human again?" he asked, rubbing his hands together as if he were cold.

I nodded once, staring at him.

Angel's P.O.V.

Arianee, in her wolf form was amazing; she sat straight, her head held high. She was a beautiful creature. Her eyes were focused on me, and that was a great feeling.

I was here to 'teach her and get my ass out'. That was what Rain had told me, but I couldn't shake the feeling that once I touched her, once I smelled her floral scent I wouldn't be able to leave her, and I wouldn't be able to encourage her to come with me to live a life of crime.

Chapter 18

The Arranged Marrige of The Year... To A Vampire (part 18)

RECAP: Arianee, in her wolf form was amazing; she sat straight, her head held high. She was a beautiful creature. Her gray eyes were focused on me, and that was a great feeling. Her fur was a wonderful brown that had odd high and low light in them.

I was here to 'teach her and get my ass out'. That was what Rain had told me, but I couldn't shake the feeling that once I touched her, once I smelled her floral scent I wouldn't be able to leave her, and I wouldn't be able to encourage her to come with me to live a life of crime.

P.O.V. Angel

I was going to take her... tonight, or tomorrow she would be mine. I am going to kidnap her. I just needed to think now of how...

I knelt beside her, looking into her wolf face, a beautiful face, a face she probably hated. "Arianee, do you remember how you turned into a wolf?" I asked still wondering of how, but I realized the answer was in front of me.

She's going to be sick after this, a day or two; they won't leave her alone...

She looked at me wearily, nodding her wolf head.

I should send a harmless attack on Laral and Rain, so I can get in and grab her while she's sick and can't make a noise, can't make a whisper of a sound to alarm them, where she can't tell me 'no'. She has to see that I am as good as Rain. I am.

"You tried to think like a wolf right?" I asked.

She had a thoughtful face on and then nodded more. "Ok," I said, "so act like a human, honey," I encouraged, rubbing her soft brown, as she began to growl, trying to sound menacing.

Arianee's P.O.V.

He patted the top of my head. I growled in response. I was NOT an animal... technically, or is it theoretically? Well, really, I wasn't.

Anyway, after he stood, I closed my eyes. This felt very corny. I breathed in deep and thought, of Rain kissing me, the way it felt to have hair brush on my shoulders, of walking on TWO feet, and everything that reminded me of being HUMAN.

I felt myself grow, or shrink, it matters how you figure it. Then my eyes flew open realizing my worst fear, one of them any how. I was naked in front of a boy! Oh my...!

But as my eyes opened I saw a tan silk sheet lifted toward me, shielding my body from Angel's sight. My heart flew, and I hastily grabbed the blanket away from his strong hands.

"Thanks," I said anxiously. I wrapped the silk around me and held it in the back.

I knew it would hurt my arm that way so I pulled it to the front and made sure nothing showed. I looked down and shifted the silk cover a little.

I looked to Angel's anxious, worried face. His blue eyes were frowning at me.

I wonder why... was he sad that I now needed him not?

He reached his hand across to me and brushed hair away from my lips, indistinctively I leaned into his hand.

Then his lips began to move closer to mine. I was frozen for a minuet. Should I let him kiss me? Should I kiss him back?

He did not give me enough time to think, I think that may have been his plan.

As soon as his lips hit mine, I felt a need to just crumble at his feet, let him support me, but I did not. He tasted of everything good, where Rain had just simply tasted good.

He broke the kiss off hastily, and I now knew I did not want him to.

"Why..." I began to ask why he stopped, and that he should kiss me forever, when my stomach began to feel odd. I was going to hurl, I knew I was. I pushed past Angel and ran to Laral's too elaborate bathroom.

Great, I thought running.

I ran to the toilet and threw up... I don't know what exactly what I threw up, but it was surly a lot of it. It burned my throat as it came up, and made me fell even worse. How had I gotten ill so fastly? Why was I so ill? Grr, screw my life!

I could barely focus on the fact that I wasn't alone in this room, anymore. Not only had Angel followed me into the room, but Rain and Laral both ran in here also. I glanced briefly at Angel to make them get out, but doubled over again, over the toilet, and heaved up the last of my food.

Angel's P.O.V.

Arianee's beautiful dark hair encircled the toilet. The silk bunched up at the bottom of her back, showing

off her figure, her very hot figure, but I knew she was bent over in a kind of painful agony, and it probably didn't help that we all traveled in here after her.

The only problem with the scene was that she was making horrid sounds from her stomach, but other than that she was a picture of perfection... minus the whole throwing up thing.

I felt both Laral and Rain staring at her, but Rain was the one to move forward and put his hand on Arianee's bare warm back. I was jealous of course, but I knew I could not, should not, show it. I wanted to press against her with my hand, gently stroke her hair and look at her with more concern for her than the whole world.

"Arianee, sweetheart, are you okay?" Rain asked, bending close by her face, she threw up in response.

"She'll be fine in a day or two," I explained. Both Laral and Rain looked over at me. They both had on anxious faces.

"What do you mean?" Laral asked, sounding... not like herself. Concerned was the word I scrounged for

upon my brain. Like that demon would be concerned. I gave her a hatful look, but complied to answer her question.

"She just began her wolf transformation," I told them as they watched me intently. "It was her first time transforming, I assume, so she will be ill every time she turns for a year, approximately. But if she doesn't change enough in the year, she will be ill a whole year, next year, even if she doesn't want to change ever again, and that year long sickness may kill her." I sighed, "Do I think you should get her to change a lot? Not necessarily, but enough, let's say once a month, maybe twice."

Rain just nodded, still rubbing Arianee's back as she hacked up the last of her food.

"Thank you, Laral," she tried to say sarcastically, but her voice shook, along with her small fragile body. She was still holding up the blanket, but it too was just shaking.

"Laral, get Arianee dressed, please," I said, as if it was the only thing that mattered now, and left the bathroom, went out of Laral's sleeping chamber,

down the stairs, and out the front door, not looking back. I needed to plan.

And I knew now that after I kidnapped Arianee, I would have to turn her before they figured out where we were, for better or for worse. I would never lose her again, and his time I would make sure of it. This time I would not kill her.

Chapter 19

The Arranged Marrige of The Year... To A Vampire (part 19)

RECAP:And I knew now that after I kidnapped Arianee, I would have to turn her before they figured out where we were, for better or for worse. I would never lose her again, and his time I would make sure of it. This time I would not kill her.

Arianee's P.O.V.

Angel swiftly left after telling Laral to dress me. I wouldn't have let her, if I could actually change myself.

But I let her drag (OK she was carrying me) into my room.

"Arianee, I am really sorry. If I would have known- No, I should have looked all of this up before, seriously Arianee I am so-so-so-so-so-so-so-so sorry!" she said as if she was out of breath, all in a puff of air. She now got me into my room and was looking hastily through my night clothes "I get it if you don't forgive me for now, but I really hope you'll forgive me soon." She pulled out a black silk night gown, holding it up and out to me.

"Whoa! Hold up. I am not wearing that!" I yelled, with more force than I meant. I was still angry at her for turning me into a wolf without knowing how to turn me back.

She took it back, silently, and grabbed a pair of pink silk shorts and a matching tank top.

"That's better," I said stiffly, folded arms across my chest. I got up and she helped me change.

I didn't stay with Laral that night, I was too angry, but they both agreed, as did I, that I was too ill to stay by myself in my own room, so Rain had me stay with him.

I was really nervous at first, but soon I was too tired to think straight as he carried me into his room, wedding style.

I sighed into his shirt, and drank in the scent of him as my eyes shut in content.

He chuckled, seeming to enjoy my human-wolf self.

"You are so darn cute, honey," he told me, kissing my cheek up to my forehead.

I mumbled 'thanks', which sounded nothing like thanks to me, but he seemed to understanding, setting me upon his bed.

I clung to him, and he chuckled again, sliding into bed beside me. He pulled me into the circle of his muscular arms, and his hand traveled up and down my spine.

I gave a shiver as he did, and I suddenly felt the lift of covers over me, enveloping me.

I did not dream that night, but what I knew was nothing would be the same the next morning; the only problem was I didn't know why.

Rain's P.O.V.

Arianee was sleeping silently in my arms. She looked do beautiful and content that I was weary to move her as I heard a noise down stairs, but I kissed her cheek and shifted her over.

She rolled over as if sensing that I was leaving, sighing as she did so.

My approach down stairs was silent and quick, and although I did not see anything at first I had a queasy felling someone was here.

I felt someone shift behind me, and I knew Laral had come down to investigate also.

"You heard it too?" she whispered so quietly I knew no human could hear. But what if they weren't human, who ever had intruded?

"Yes," I answered just as quietly.

"Should we...?"

She was cut off by an attack and as I began to try and help her I was also attacked.

My still heart almost leapt: Arianee!

There were at least ten guys as far as I could tell, and I wasn't too worried yet that they wanted to take Arianee, until I heard the upstairs window slide open.

My almost beating heart stilled. It couldn't be that they wanted her!

I pushed and hit my way to the stairs, but as I got there they all vanished out the door, and as I approached my room and threw open the door, my worst fear was realized. They had Arianee.

Angel's P.O.V.

She lay on Rain's bed silently; hair sprawled out among the pillows and sheets that she had strew across the bed as she slept.

She was not covered well, and I saw she wore only small silk shorts and a tank top. Somehow it made my mouth water, and not for her blood.

I placed the cover over her slowly, and searched her face for awareness.

Her face was at peace, and her mind blank, not thinking how mad she was at Laral or how in love she was with both Rain and I.

I heard her sigh a name, her friend's name that she kept away from us Vampires.

Her lips were almost pouting they were so full. I bent down to kiss them but realized that I needed to hurry and grab her, to take her as my own, that I didn't have time for pleasantries.

Her body fit perfectly in my arms, and although she seemed weightless to me, I liked having her body warm my- neither warm with life or cold with death- body. Her body cradled against mine as if it pleased her to be as near to me as it did for me to be as near to her.

She did not move as I shifted her weight to out the window, the tan sheet that held her flowing as the wind touched it lightly sending it running across my legs as we escaped, nor did she make a peep as I ran my full speed, sending the signal to the other men inside, to my home.

Arianee's P.O.V.

I felt the need to throw up even before I awoke, so when I did wake up I was open mouthed to a smaller trashcan, a smooth hand extending it out so that I caught none of my vomit on the bed.

I did not look at the hand or surroundings in the beginning, so I was my false assumption that I was with Rain that got me in deep.

I made a horrid sound as I threw up that I didn't want anyone to here, but I was glad to feel his hand on my back soothing me as I did.

I felt a kiss on my neck that also soothed my troubled stomach.

But I looked up, not to see Rain as I expected, but to see the warm face of Angel.

"Oh!" I said suddenly feeling my heart pounding in my chest.

His hand came softly to my face, caressing my cheek gently. I was so shocked that I was utterly speechless,

and I would admit later, that I was thrilled, for a reason I would not know until later.

"Angel..." I began, but his fingertips brushed across my lips so softly, so lovingly, that it made me quiet.

He watched me intently as I did him.

The moment was so intimate that it would have been disturbed with sound, and I could tell that neither of us at that moment wanted that.

He finally cleared his throat after what seemed like years. His gaze had made it hard to think, so as he began to talk I could feel my face become confused. Where was I?

"You should brush your teeth," he told me and motioned toward a door that I took to be the bathroom.

I flushed, and threw the covers from my body.

"Where..." I began, but as I looked up from the tan silk blanket that I took to be Rain's. He was gone.

I made my way to his bathroom and locked the door. I needed a shower more, I thought.

I took my shower fastly, noticing he had bought shampoo and conditioner for me. So had he been planning to take me for a long time? It made sense; he had the freaky personality to be kidnapping people. I was actually a little surprised I was the only one here, I thought to myself jokingly. I brushed my teeth.

Then I heard the door jiggle and a slight laugh on the other side as I looked around for the clothes I forgot to bring.

"Arianee? We need to talk."

And I had no other choice but to walk out there in a short white fluffy towel that barley reached my thighs.

Chapter 20

The Arranged Marriage of The Year... To A Vampire (part 20)

RECap: "Arianee? We need to talk."

And I had no other choice but to walk out there in a short white fluffy towel that barley reached my thighs.

The door swiftly flew open, fluttering the too short towel up a little ways as I made my way out. It made me shiver, and as I looked up I noticed that Angel's eyes were glued to me. To my thighs, to my long legs...

Blushing, I asked, "don't you have any clothes I can use?" I felt my chest blushing. What could be more

horrific than this scene? Well, I thought, he is a Vampire...

"That can wait," he said, breaking his stare from my bare legs. His eyes traveled to my face. Searching for something he did not find.

Pervert, I thought reflexively, and almost said it.

I thought I saw a grin pop onto his mouth. Can he read my thoughts? "No it can not," I said sternly, trying to keep the towel down and up at the same time.

He rolled his eyes and pointed his head toward the closet.

They were all men's clothes lined up on the wall, so I pulled on one of his tee shirts over the towel, since he was standing at the door way, like a pervert, and let the towel drop to the floor as I pulled the shirt over, carful to expose nothing.

The shirt reached about to the bottom of my butt. I looked down blushing.

"Pants?" I asked horrified, trying to make the shirt cover everything. I could feel my face brighten.

He nodded, having an odd look in his eyes, and came toward me, reaching into a drawer that lay behind me. I noticed how his arms wrapped themselves around my small frame and I watched in fascination as his muscles rippled as he moved. I glanced up suddenly, as the dresser drawer pushed me closer to him.

His lips were so close to mine that I could feel his breath on my mouth. Just an inch I thought. I wanted so badly to reach forward and diminish that small inch.

He watched my mouth as I watched his. I saw him look at my eyes, searching for an answer. Love or lust?

I wanted so badly to touch him, feel his perfect skin for myself. I wanted his perfect skin to mold under my hands as he kissed me.

He sighed and I closed my eyes for a brief second inhaling the scent of his breath. It almost made me come undone.

His muscles flexed once more and his arms were not behind me anymore, and pulled out basketball shorts.

"These alright?" he asked, seriously, no strain in his voice, but a raise in his eyebrow and a smirk on his face, showing he knew what he did to me. And also that he liked it and found it interesting.

But I didn't trust my voice so I just nodded, slowly and pulled them from his hand.

As I put the shorts on I realized that he wasn't watching me, thankfully. He was watching nothing, at all. It seemed he was listening instead of looking out for something. Listening very hard.

"Angel?" I said questioningly once the pants were firmly in place, and I wasn't in doubt that I wasn't going to take them off... my voice shook from that moment, as I wondered if I would have another chance to come that close to him.

He shook his head as if coming back from some place. He smiled. "Let's talk," he said seriously, and gravely, holding out a hand to me, that I took, wanting to feel his smooth hand in mine, what would Rain say?

"What do you have in mind?" I asked raising an eyebrow, questioningly as he grinned like a mad man, and I do dare say it looked sexy.

Rain P.O.V.

God damn whoever took her. I will find and kill them, ripping them limb from limb. If they hurt her... oh they were dead men... or he was a dead man... or she was a dead... woman... whoever they were they were dead! I paced about my room as Laral sat upon the bed, thinking. Her face serious as she debated in her mind about her sister.

"Who do you think done it?" Laral asked, soothingly watching my hands flex, and un-flex, itching to hit something, to pound my fist against the wall. I eyed it suspiciously. "Who do you think would have taken her?" That wall wouldn't hold if I hit it. I needed to be under control.

"It had to have been someone who had known her as Mary Ann, also." I thought for a moment. I hadn't known who done it... they were experts. "They must have known we were Vampires also. I can't smell a single thing. They concealed it. Also they had other Vamps show up to get us out of their way... could it have been the Vampire Mafia?" I asked Laral, who knew more of these things.

"May have been... Mary Ann knew the V-Mafia when she met Angel and the head man... he fell in love with her so bad that-" Laral began painfully, not wanting to go on, but having to, or so she thought...

It seemed to me that everyone had fallen in love with Mary Ann, except me, the one who fell in love with Arianee. She was the golden girl, the girl of the hour.

"I know, Laral...." I said. "No need to explain. But now we have to find that damn Mafia!"

My hands started flexing on their own again as I thought of the Mafia...

At least the Mafia wouldn't hurt her... so long as she did what they wanted, and usually what they

wanted, wasn't wanted to be done... it wasn't ever pretty. And it usually ended with a dead person...

Chapter 21

The Arranged Marriage of the Year... To A Vampire (part 21)

RECAP: *P.O.V. Rain* At least the Mafia wouldn't hurt her... so long as she did what they wanted, and usually what they wanted, wasn't wanted to be done... it wasn't ever pretty. And it usually ended with a dead person...

Angel P.O.V.

I know she needed to know why I took her, why she was here, and why I am the way I am, but it's harder to tell her than I thought it would have been. She's too... innocent isn't the right word but it's the best I can do.

She sat on my bed, in my clothes, waiting patiently, legs crossed Indian style. I loved how easily I could read her expression, almost like reading her mind.

Her face was pouted slightly, but patiently, she looked curious and a little nervous. She chewed her bottom lip sexily. I bet she didn't know she was being sexy. She was defiantly being too sexy right now...

I laughed aloud to easy my tension.

She jumped, she wasn't expecting me to laugh or talk yet, I could tell. Her expression was one of surprise, eye brows raised high, and mouth slightly open.

"What?" she asked, frowning that cute frown. Her eyebrows hunched and her lips pouted.

"Nothing," I smirked. I loved messing with this girl, in her other life she messed back, but in this one she seemed a little less... playful. I wished she would remember, and I could only think of one way how...

"Do you know who you are Arianee?" I asked and when she said no, I told her.

POV Arianee

My name had been Mary Ann and I was better off in this life than the other.

I remember everything. I had fallen for Angle's charming good looks and smirky grin. Laral was my sister and she gave her life up to the boy she loved only to see him fall...

How could I not have remembered this five minuets ago, but when he told me having all the memories rush back?

I remembered running through a field with Laral when I was only five, braking rules and my leg in the process. I remember going through all that tutoring with Ms. Murtha. I remember getting in trouble with Laral a lot. I remembered a lot. Especially all the things I loved about my Angel.

"Angel... I..." my breath caught deep in my throat. My hand had covered my mouth, but I quickly moved it and I leaned forward and let instinct took over. Angel's lips were like flower petals yet urgent when he kissed back. How could I not remember this?

"I never even got to say bye," I gasped, "Oh, Angel!"

"There's something I never told you Arianee. Something important about blood and me..."

I then saw myself die and white hot rage threw into me. "Angel!" I yelled. "How could you?" I cried into his lap as I threw myself onto him, folding my arms underneath me to catch my tears. "How could you try to kill Laral, and end up killing me instead?"

Rain P.O.V.

Laral, she sat waiting patiently for me to contact the right person. The Vampire Mafia was not easy to contact, actually, even for a Vampire. It irritated me to no extent, why couldn't they be like other normal Vampires? We could reach each other almost too easily, and we usually did because we needed each other. Blood extras and easy places to steal blood, Vampires constantly moved, but the Vampires knew when others did.

"Hello," I said pleasantly to the Vampire into the phone. She was a woman, and I could tell she wasn't human because she didn't pause when she was talking, she took no breathe, or if she did they were

not in the right places, a new Vampire, someone was busy.

"Hello," she answered. "This is Makita speaking, if you need to contact Dr. Review, he is out on business and will return shortly. If you need to contact Dr. Sheer her number..."

I let her babble on for a minuet. "I don't need a doctor," I told her. "You were just made..." I started.

"I am sorry," she said, picking up on me being a Vampire also, "we do not have extra packages we can share..."

"I don't need that!" I snapped. "You were just made, have you been in contact with the Vampire Mafia?" I growled into the phone.

"Yes," she said coolly. "They got me this job. What do you need to know?" she almost whispered.

"I just want to know where the hell they are." I banged my fist down on the table, shattering it to bits.

Angel P.O.V.

"Arianee, honey, calm down..." I soothed, brushing back her brown damp hair as she cried on my lap. I felt her shoulders shake. "I need to tell you a story that I never had a chance to tell... okay I had many chances, but it just wasn't right..."

"Go ahead..." she managed into my lap, still crying. I pulled her up and brushed the tears from her eyes slowly with my finger. I kissed her damp lips and she kissed back.

"I was born a Vampire..." I started.

Chapter 22

The Arranged Marriage of the Year... To A Vampire (part 22)

RECAP: *Angel P.O.V.*"Go ahead..." she managed into my lap, still crying. I pulled her up and brushed the tears from her eyes slowly with my finger. I kissed her damp lips and she kissed back.

"I was born a Vampire..." I started.

Arianee needed to know, I reminded myself.

"But how Vampires are born is a whole different story entirely... you see Marcella, the very first Vampire, loved how different she was, but she loved her brother dearly. She made him one too..."

(This is where Angle's like remembering the story... so it's like showing Marcella's life)

Marcella, red haired and called the wild child for a reason, bit Dar's, her brother's, neck, not really sure if he would actually survive. She felt the poison make its way into his body, it was full of pleasure, but she did not know why. She left him, waiting to see if he could live and find her. That was the only person that week she hadn't killed. The only person her whole life she wouldn't kill.

They had been close, she and her brother, and had spent many waking hours together, even when it was not proper to do so. She spent time in men's quarters and he spent time in weaving rooms. They both hated their lives. The Romans were not very great with garbage and their town smelled.

When he found her, tracking her, a week later, he didn't know what he was, and had not drunk any blood, let alone kill anyone. Marcella, on the other hand, had killed more than one person a day, and more than one person a night.

When Marcella saw her brother, who was much better looking than he had been, she also noticed, that she was more better looking than him, and also that it was hard to get him to drink blood, but that, she noticed, when she did he looked remarkably better.

What if, she thought, the more blood, the better you look? What if, the more blood the more powerful you become? She thought of this for days as she nursed her brother to drink blood.

Dar only drank some blood, enough to live and he never tried to kill his victims. Dar, one day, made a woman into a Vampire. They married and loved each other dearly. He did not force her to be a Vampire but rather let her choose.

Marcella was still thinking, and drinking too much blood. She had a hungry lust for it that she could only shade, but never fully cover, and even to shade wouldn't last long.

When she fell in love with a handsome man, she made him into a Vampire against his will, and being more powerful and older, made him become her

lover. She told him they would rule the world. He believed her.

They killed numerous humans, covering it up with a plague, glutening on blood they gorged themselves full.

Now, since they were Vampires they did not think Marcella could become pregnant, but when her stomach began to round she killed her lover.

She gave birth to an ugly little creature that she used as a minion of sorts. Her brother did not approve and told her to stop; in return she killed his wife. They never forgave each other after that they never spoke.

She had many children, killing their fathers after she was expecting. Then one day, she found one of her children pregnant and when the child was delivered it was not a creature, but a Vampire baby, a little girl, the first born Vampire, a girl named Vabrelle. Marcella then bred her children and produced many offspring and had raised the Vampires.

"That's where I came from..." I told Arianee, trying not to meet her gaze.

"What happened to Marcella?" she asked her gray eyes wide with child like fear when I finally looked at her.

"She gorged herself to death," I told her a little truth. Actually she had drunk too much Vampire blood after seeing it made her stronger than human blood.

"So you were a descendent from her?" she asked, a thinking face appeared on her as she looked up at me.

"Yes, I am, but I was born after she died. Most of the creatures... Vampez they were once called, are dead. They were murdered, most of them long ago, before I was thought of..."

"Marcella was born in the early 100's wasn't she?" Arianee asked.

I just nodded, watching her as she thought, almost knowing what ran through her mind. "I was born in the 1500's. I am only 500 some years old..."

"Older than Rain," she whispered, mostly to herself, forgetting I heard, and I knew she wanted to go home...

Chapter 23

The Arranged Marriage of the Year... To a VAmpire (part23)

i know it is short. sorry. i hope you all forgive me. its going to get interesting... and if i find a way to not take my exams i will write it really fast XD Comment and VOTE!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Arianee P.O.V.

Angel and I were tangled on his bed. He more tangled to me than I to him. His arm was under me, pulling me closer. I let my head lay on his chest and he placed a hand on my stomach.

I sighed sadly, slightly uncomfortable, but unwilling to move. "Angel... how did you... why did you want to kill Laral so badly? And why did you try to kill David,

Laral's sweetheart?" I was stung by curiosity and I had more thoughts than places to put them, they spewed out. "Did you actually want to kill David? Did he owe you something? Did you know Rain before you knew me? Did I know Rain in my other life? I can't remember it's so blurry..." I squinted, trying to remember. Something's, such as right when I was killed where so clear, while others, Angel and me in what appeared to be a barn, were so blurry I could barley tell what we were doing...

"Yes," he answered. I felt his answer swarm through my check from his bare chest.

I now wished I had asked fewer questions. "Yes what?" I asked, looking up, partially annoyed by his sad grin and how his arms were around my waist, as if it was normal, and to him it seemed to be. I wanted different arms to tighten around me, just for a moment, but diminished the thought before he could read it.

"Yes, you knew Rain in your other life, but barley... you only had seen him just before you died... I turned him into a vampire because he was suppose to marry

you in your old life... it was an arranged marriage you never got to know about because of my jealousy of just thinking of you with him. He was damn human and that's all I ever wanted since I met you, Arianee. Ever since I saw you in that cute little petticoat dress that had too many designs on it, I only wanted to be human. The first time I ever wanted something I could never have..."

"I don't... I did know about him, Angel. That's why I let you drink my blood so much... I was hoping you would want to turn me... why would you turn Rain? He being a Vampire meant... what that he wasn't human enough for me?"

"Everyone thought he died. So if he went back they would kill him. If he went back he might kill someone...." Angel face, what I could see of it, was stoic. I was looking up and backward at him, straining my neck.

"Did he... go back?" I asked quietly, knowing I shouldn't ask for Rain's story but asking anyway out of curiosity.

"I don't know, Arianee, I really don't. He never said." But the look on his face was sad, and I knew Rain went. That he probably had to kill someone he loved. Probably someone he loved so much.

Dev P.O.V.

(Dev: In Persian mythology, a demon of enormous power, a ruthless and immoral god of war) (In the book, the leader of Vampire Mafia)

Now that Rain (and Laral) was in my domain, there was no way I would tell him that I hadn't even known that Mary Ann had been reincarnated in human form. I would tell him that Mary Ann was in my chamber, resting from our night. Even though, I had never laid eyes on her in this new form, this new body... I know that would make him angry if I tell him I took her virginity, that's what I am hoping for. I just want to kill him... especially if it means he tries to kill me first.

How I love the hunting and killing sport of the Vampire Mafia.

(He is referring to how the Mafia kills other Vampires that get in their way too often. He thinks that Rain has.)

Chapter 24

The Arranged Marriage of the year... To A Vampire (final part)

Angel POV

As Mary Ann and I lay on my bed, I knew that I wanted her to know how much I loved her. She was perfection. I had loved her for thousands of years and would never stop loving her. This was the second chance I never thought I would have. I wish I could tell her eveything, but there would never be enough time for that.

"What?" she asked with a nervous giggle, and I had noticed I had been staring at her for quite some time, but she was mine, and I knew looking at her only made her nervous, not annoyed or angery. I was her soul mate.

And that was when I made the move to make her mine forever, to have her give to me what was rightfully mine, what I should have gotten thousands of years ago.

After our love making I could tell she felt uncomfortable, and I could only imagine how she felt, being in love with two immortal beings at the same time. It was probably tearing her up inside.

Arianee POV

After Angel and I setteled into our sleeping positions, I thought about Rain. I had betryed him so. How horrid a person was I? I should be sentensed to death. I suppose if this was at the time Angel had said I had first met him, I may have been sentensed to death.

I tried to drift off to sleep in Angel's arms. I did after a long time, and it was a very frettful slumber.

At one point I awoke in someone's arms and at first I had thought they were Angle's arms, but I quickly

realized I was being moved and the arms were not that of my recent lover.

I began to struggle pointlessly against my captures, the thought of Rain and Angel making me wish to fight for my freedom.
The man who held me was a fierce warrior. He had scars covering his face and down below the resesses of his shirt. He was bigger than any other man I had seen in the muscles department. I was very frightened by his appearance.

As I started to scream he clamped a hand over my mouth and yelled to his partner, "Did you even give this chick any of that?"

I noticed Angel thrown over the other man's shoulder, not moving. Had they killed him? I began to yell his name in vain. He had to be dead.

The man laughed loudy. "A little. She is a bit of a fighter, eh? Those are some loud screams. Wish the

boss wouldn't have put a restriction on this case, or I would pop her one,"

I looked at the other burly man with wide eyes, quieting for a moment before getting loud again.

"Damn it, give me the bottle you-" he was cut off by the loud sounds of my screams as he took his hand off my mouth to catch the bottle his acomplice threw to him. I felt his hand return over my mouth and all went dark.

Hours later I awoke in a chamber. All alone, I was frightened. Where was I? Who had took Angel and I? He might know, I supposed, but he wasn't near me in the slightest. I began to bite my nails, looking around the same jail. There wasn't anything. Four walls and a door. The door was wooden and a bit too sturdy for me to bust down. Now if I were a fully functioning vampire that may not have been the case. All my nails were bit to the quick, much too qucikly.

Someone knocked hesitantly on the door. What do I say? Do I say anything?

"Uh, yeah?" I said smartly. I winced wonder what

horrible thing would walk through the door, hoping it wasn't the burly men from earlier.
The door opened to reveal a young girl, younger than me. "Miss, the master would like for you to join them all in the dinning room." She spoke quietly. And she was more beautiful than I could have imagined a girl to be. Even more so than Laral.
I followed her hesitantly toward the dinning room. I wondered suddenly if these people were Vampires also, like Rain, Laral, and Angel. Where were Rain and Laral, I wondered suddenly. And where was Angel?

Was Angel here with me? Did they take him somewhere else? Would he have let them take me? Did they kill him?
The last question I asked myself made me feel pain in my chest. Who knew lovingVampires could be so adventurous or so painful.
We ended up in the dinning room like the girl had said we would. I had been quite skeptical of where she was really leading me, but there couldn't be much worse than that cellar.
To my surprise Rain, Laral, and Angel were there,

waiting for me, unhurt.
I ran to hug them all. "Oh, Rain. Laral. Angel. I'm glad you are all okay."
"Are you okay?" Rain asked as Laral hugged me tighter. Angel stood, looking pissed about something. I was quite pissd too. Someone had forcefully dragged me away from the night I lost... I blushed just thinking of it.
"Completely and utterly fine, I think. Where are we? What are we doing here? Can we leave soon?"
Before Rain could answer another voice did. "I don't believe you will ever be leaving, MaryAnn. You will be staying here with me."
I turned to see a gorgeous man, with black hair and fathomless eyes.
"And who do you think you are?" I asked, turing away from Rain. He raised a fear in me I had never felt. Not even when I thought a Vampire was going to suck me dry.
"My name is Dev, I am to marry you."
"No," I said slowly. "I'm going to marry Rain." I didn't know what I was doing, after losing myself to Angel, I couldn't honestly give myself to Rain. And I

knew giving myself to Angel was a mistake when I loved Rain.

Angel, in my peripheral, flinched. Rain did not look to convinced.

Dev laughed, which enhanced how handsome he looked. "Your marriage with Rain is off. I'm every Vampire's boss. If he doesn't listen to me, I will kill him."

"Well, just because I can't marry him certainlyl doesn't mean I'll marry you," I spoke harshly. Angery that yet another person was going to tell me how to live my life. Maybe choosing what I wanted in life was hard, but it was better than someone else choosing every turn and twist in my life.

Anger flashed in Dev's eyes. All the Vampires around me flinched as if they had been slightly shocked, like a dog with a electric collar on and walking out of the invisible fence.

"You will do as I say or I will kill all those you love. I'm not just talking about your Vampireseither. I mean your father and your human friends. You will always do as I say." He looked at meexpectantly, as if he thought I would argue with him. More like he

hoped I would argue with him. But I didn't have to think twice to know he would do exactly what he said.

I locked my jaw so I wouldn't say anything rash. My words could kill everyone I held dear tome.

I nodded, a signal to show him I understood. But I had to think of a way out of this. I would not marry someone I did not love.

"Dev," Angel said, sounding pained. "I don't think this is a good idea."

"Silence!" Dev yelled. "Come with me Mary Ann."

Dev held his hand out to me. I started forward, unwillingly, but stopped as Laral yelled 'No'.

"You dare defy me?" Dev yelled. Laral came to stand in front of me.

"The Vampire world has taken her from me once, I will not let it happen again without a fight. I don't care if I die trying, she will not die again on my account, physicallly or otherwise."

Faster than I could see, Dev stuck Laral with a wooden stake. It stuck out of her like an ugly splinter. My mind could barely register how horrible and ugly it was. I saw Laral's face shockingly in

pain. I had never seen a Vampire with so much pain of her face.
"Laral," I cried in anguish as she dropped slowly to the ground. She stood on her knees, one hand out in front of her to keep her from falling over. The stake brushed the ground like a lover.

"You are such a monsterous creature, Dev." She eyed him warily as I knelt beside her.
I spoke frantic words to her that I wasn't sure made sense.
"Get up, Mary Ann," Dev spoke, but I ingnored him.
Laral was my sister. She was dying. I was in shock. Vampires don't die. I had thought Laral would be mine forever, I never imagined her leaving me. I felt my eyes moisten and my vision blur. I had just gained her as my only sister, and too soon I was losing her.
She slumped back to land on the floor, the stake still sticking out grotesquely. "No, Laral, please, don't." I spoke shakily. I shookall over. Oh, God, I thought. That was all I could think, over and over again.
She shook her head, "Don't let him win, Mary." She looked up at the sky and smiled. "I'll bewith him

soon." I knew she was talking about her sweetheart. The lover she has missed for too long.

She died in my arms as I sobbed, quietly. I knew I needed to avenge her death. I needed todo it now. I would kill him.

"You monster," I sobbed out, looking at Dev. "I hate you, I will never be with you." I pulled the stake from Laral's heart, hearing a sickening sticky sound, but not looking at my decesed sister, knowing I wouldn't be of much use if I seen her dead body again. Murdering him was the only thing I could do to make up her death. "Stop before you hurt yourself," Dev said. He looked pointedly at the boys behind me. Ihad not noticed that they had shifted to fighting stance.

Everything went quickly. We rushed to Dev, to kill him. Dev skillfully pushed me out of the way as if I were just a rag doll. I fell to the floor a few feet away from him. He fought both Rain and Angel. He was clearly winning, but I could see the strain and I knew he would end it as soon as he could.

With my wolf senses I watched as he sent a literal death blow toward my Angel, my heart lurched as I

ran faster than I ever had before. As I ran I even wondered how I was going so fast. I couldn't believe it. Everything was moving so slowly, which was new for me. I had never seen Angel move so slow in my life. I did the only thing I could think to save him.

The stake landed in my heart as he thrusted. No one had saw me coming. Everyone, even Dev, hesitated as I cried out in pain. With the stake that killed Laral in my hand, I shoved it as hard as I could into Dev's heart as he held onto the tops of my arms, supporting me. I slumped down, with a pain that was more than I could handle in my chest, Dev fell back, but I think Rain may have pushed him.

I heard both Angel and Rain call out my name. Gentle hands laid me down to a more comfortable position.

"...save her?" one asked.

"...dangerous... blood...could kill her... " Was all I heard from the other.

"I love you guys," I murmured. I could see everything dimming. Then a brilliant bright light as I gave out my last exhale.

Rain POV

"Arianee!" I called out as she slumped to the floor. How had I not seen what she intended to do?

Both Angel and I were over her body which was going back and forth between concious and not. I was so afraid she wouldn't live. "Can we save her?" I asked. Angel already knew how I meant to save her. He hesitated.

"It's dangerous. She has lost a lot of blood. It could kill her faster than if we just left her."

Arianee murmured her love to us as she grew weaker.

"We need to try damn it!" I shouted. Arianee was already unconcious and I don't know what I'd do without her. The blood was intoxicating, but I couldn't even consider drinking it. Not with her dying by my side.

Angel had a hard look on his face, as if he had already decided something.

We watched helplessly as she died. I could see exactly when the light went out of her eyes, and when she gave her last breath, but I still watched for another,

holding my own. The world was now a duller place. How would I live without her?

Angel POV

When Mary Ann died for the second time I knew I wouldn't live very long with out her. It wasn't impossible for her to be reincarnated again. I knew that if she was, I was the one messing things up, both times I had been the reason she died. And I loved her enough that I would kill myself for her to be well in her next life. I was going to live long enough to go to her funeral, but after that I already had a plan.

The funeral was held two days later. I hadn't been able to look at her since she died, but Rain, I knew, secretly watched her body at all hours. I knew he was also mourning for Laural, who had spent a lot of time with since he learned of Mary Ann.

Her parents blaimed the death on both Rain and I. Neither of us minded since we just stood there as she was stabbed. We should have been able to save her. We were Vampires and shenot even a full wearwolf. We were faster and stronger. We should have been able to stop her. I still couldn't fathom how she was so fast. It shouldn't have been possible.

I shook my head and watched as her best friend weeped. Madeline? Had that been the girl's name? I couldn't remember, but she was weeping heavily.
The human story was that Mary Ann had died in a mugging.
Like that would have been able to happen, I thought bitterly. Not with three Vampires around, swearing they would protect her with their lives.
It didn't matter though, she was gone, It was my fault.

The funeral ended fast. I was surprised. Maybe it was because she wasn't here anymore.

Time couldn't make sense. Which is why I was doing what I was about to do.
The Vampire showed up. He had thought my request odd, but he needed the money. I gave him all I had.
I didn't know his name, age, anything. He didn't matter. Only Mary Ann had matttered. I loved her with all of my heart, I still loved her with all of my heart.
We dug her up and I opened the casket and got in.
The casket closed on top of me. I winced, but was

glad I didn't need air. I could hear the Vampire throwing dirt onto the casket.

I pulled the stake from my sleeve as I looked at Mary Ann who was perfectly perserved. She was beautiful. I stroked her cheek and flinched from the lack of warmth. She would never smile again. She wouldn't give a dissapproving look. She wouldn't marry, or birth a child. She would never look at another soul again. And it was my fault, for the second time.

I took the stake and stabbed myself in the heart.

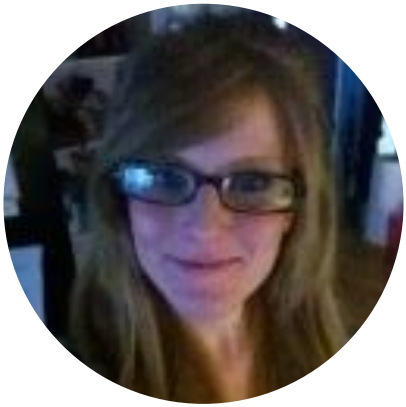
THE END

Chapter 25

Sequal-ish

I have started Rain's part of the story if anyone wishes to read it. I am going to try to upload one a week. It is called Rain's Love. He does find Arianee again at a young age. He is her protector until she grows old enough to be with him.

About the Author



tiffybaby